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SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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Selections.

THE AMISTAD CASE.

BY JOSHUA LEAVITT.

In the month of July, 1839, the Spanish schooner Amistad, Ramon Ferrer, master, sailed from Havana for Porte Principe, a place in the island of Cuba, about a hundred leagues distant, having on board as passengers, Don Pedro Montes, and Jose Ruiz, with 54 fresh African negroes, just brought from Lemboko as slaves. After being out four days the negroes rose in the night, killed the captain and cook, and took possession of the vessel. The two sailors took the boat and went on shore, and Montes was required, on pain of death, to navigate the vessel to Africa.—He steered eastwardly in the day time, but put about at night, and thus kept near the American coast, until the 26th of August, when they were taken by Lieutenant Gedney, United States Navy, and carried into New London. Judge Judson, of the United States Court, was sent for, and after a short examination of the two Spaniards, and a Creole cabin boy, without a word of communication with the negroes, the latter were bound over for trial as pirates, although their utter ignorance of any European language, and the admission of Ruiz himself, showed that they were fresh Africans, and of course could not be slaves by the laws of Spain. At this time it was the united voice of the public press and of public men, that as a matter of course, they would either be tried and executed here, or delivered up to the Spaniards.

The Abolitionists saw that these men had only exercised the natural right of self-defence justified by all laws, and that justice to these strangers and a regard for the honour of law itself, required a vigorous effort to turn the tide of public opinion and judicial prejudice. Messrs. S. S. Jocelyn, J. Leavitt and Lewis Tappan were appointed a committee to take charge of the case, who immediately engaged as counsel, Seth P. Staples and Theodore Sedgwick, Esqrs., of New York, and R. S. Baldwin, of New Haven. Our hands were strengthened by a letter from Mr. Adams, which was published in the newspapers, asserting the right of the negroes to act as they did, and declaring that the vessel and its contents were theirs by the law of nations.

On the 6th of September, M. Calderon de la Barca, the Spanish minister, demanded the immediate delivery of the schooner and cargo to Ruiz and Montes, under the treaty, and that "the negroes be sent to be tried by the proper tribunal" in Cuba. He thus establishes the distinction between the "negroes" and the "cargo" He urges as reasons why the negroes should be given up, "the law of nations in a case analagous," and also "that the crime in question is one of those, which, if permitted to pass unpunished, would endanger the internal tranquility and safety of the Island of Cuba, where the citizens of the United States not only carry on a considerable trade, but where they possess territorial properties which they cultivate with the labour of African slaves;" and further, that if the negroes "should be condemned by an incompetent tribunal that has taken upon itself to try them as pirates and assassins, the infliction of capital punishment here would not be attended with the salutary effects," and "the satisfaction due to the public mind would not be accorded." And as a further inducement, he promises that his Government "would immediately accord the extradition of any slaves that might take refuge there from the southern States."

On the 5th of September, the United States Attorney for the District of Connecticut, W. S. Holabird, Esqr., wrote to Mr. Forsyth, the Secretary of State, apprizing him that "the Marshall of this District has in his custody the Spanish schooner Amistad, with her *cargo and* 41 *blacks*, supposed to be slaves." The blacks "are now in jail in New Haven," and "the schooner and cargo have been libelled by Lieut. Gedney," for salvage. Here again is the distinction between the "cargo" and the "blacks." He says also, "the next term of our Circuit Court sits on the 17th instant, at which time I suppose it will be my duty to bring them to trial, unless they are in *some other way disposed of.*" To this Mr. Forsyth replies, September 11, that the Spanish Minister has claimed the "vessel, cargo, and blacks on board, as Spanish property," and directing Mr. Attorney to "take care that no proceedings of your Circuit Court, or of any other judicial tribunal, places the vessel, cargo, or slaves beyond the control of the Federal Executive." M. Calderon had not demanded the "blacks" as "property" at all, but as criminals; and his successor, M. Argaiz, November 29, says his complaint is that "the public vengeance has not been satisfied, for be it recollected that the legation of Spain *does not demand the delivery of slaves, but of assassins.*" In the face of this declaration of the legation, Mr. Forsyth instructs Mr. Holabird that the blacks are claimed as "property," and the whole proceeding of our Government is based upon this false assumption.

On the 9th Sept., Mr. Holabird writes to Mr. Forsyth that he thinks the United States Courts have no jurisdiction over the alleged crime, as it was committed on board a Spanish vessel on the high seas, and he eagerly asks "whether there are no treaty stipulations with the Government of Spain that would authorize our Government to deliver them up to the Spanish authorities; and if so, whether it could be done before our Court sits?" The Executive, however, dared not take the responsibility of sending these men beyond seas by a mere order without warrant or form of law.

Mr. Holabird writes again, Sept. 21, to Mr. Forsyth, that "with a view of carrying out your instructions," that is, to prevent "any other judicial tribunal" from placing the negroes "beyond the control of the Federal Executive," he had "filed a libel in the District Court, against the negroes, in behalf of the United States, averring" that they had been claimed by the Spanish Government *as property*, and also that they had been "imported in violation of the law of 1819," prohibiting the slave trade, and praying the Court to "decree that the Marshal hold them subject to the order of the Federal Executive on the one claim or the other." The Circuit Court instructed the Grand Jury that they had no jurisdiction over the alleged crime. The Committee then caused a writ of *habeas corpus* to be issued from the Circuit Court, to know by what authority the negroes were detained by the Marshal, but Judge Thompson, after full argument, decided that, since these persons had been libeled as property, the question of their right to liberty could not be examined on *habeas corpus*—thus subjecting the Common law and habeas corpus to the paramount authority of the Civil Law in Admiralty process, on a claim of human beings as property—a virtual prostration of the great bulwark of personal liberty, the *habeas corpus.*

The hearing of the case in the District Court was adjourned to the November term, and afterwards to January. On the 5th November, Mr. Holabird again writes to Mr. Forsyth, that "if there is any action to be had on the the part of our Government with reference to the blacks, it is important that we be informed, *either officially or unofficially, before the session of the court.*" And again, Nov. 14, asking leave to employ assistant counsel because "my health is feeble, and *if the matter is not disposed of by the Executive* before our court sits, much is to be done." This proves beyond a doubt that there were all the while negotiations and consultations going on, "officially or unofficially," to see if some method could not be hit upon to put these negroes in the power of their enemies and satisfy "public vengeance" at Cuba, without waiting the slow and uncertain movement of the courts of law. But the risk was too great, of openly assuming the forms as well as the powers of despotism. This is surprising, too, inasmuch as the Attorney General of the United States, Hon. Felix Grundy, had advised in the first stage of the proceedings, that the negroes were a part of the cargo, and that the proper mode of proceeding "would be for the President of the United States to *issue his order, directed to the Marshal*, in whose custody the vessel *and cargo* are, to deliver the same" including the negroes, to the order of the Spanish Minister; and M. Argaiz says, Dec. 25, this opinion "was confidently communicated to him at the Department of State on the 16th of November," and "he was assured had been adopted by the Cabinet."

In the meantime, the Vigilant Committee on behalf of the negroes, had Messrs. Ruiz and Montes arrested in New York, on a civil suit for assault and false imprisonment on the high seas. This brought out a bitter complaint from M. Argaiz, Oct. 22, which was answered by Mr. Forsyth, instructing the United States Attorney for New York, Mr. B. F. Butler, to offer them his "advice and aid if necessary, as to any measure which it may be proper for them to take to obtain their release, and indemnity" for their arrest. Mr. Butler very properly advised them that the only way to get out of prison was to give bail, but Ruiz declined to give bail, "for reasons of state," as he himself said in a note in the newspapers, or as Mr. Butler informs Mr. Forsyth, Nov. 18th," "under the hope that his deliverance might be effected through the intervention of the Government of the United States," but finding this could not be done, the bail was finally given. The suit, however, was never brought to trial. The transaction, however, exhibited the spirit of the Executive. M. Argaiz writes to Mr. Forsyth, Dec. 25th, "The undersigned would not trouble the Government of the Union with his urgent demands, if the two Spaniards (who as the Secretary of State, in his note of the 12th says, 'were found in this distressing and perilous situation by officers of the United States, who, moved by *sympathetic feelings which subsequently became national*') had not been the victims of an *intrigue, as accurately shown by Mr. Forsyth*, in the conference which he had with the undersigned on the 21st of October last." And Mr. Forsyth, in the letter above referred to, Dec. 12, assures M. Argaiz, that "with the single exception of the *vexatious* detention to which Messrs. Ruiz and Montes have been subjected in consequence of the civil suit instigated against them, *all the proceedings* in the matter, on the part both of the executive and judicial branches of the matter, have had their foundation in the *assumption that those persons alone were* the party aggrieved, and that their claim to the surrendry of *the property* was founded in fact and justice."

All this, however, does not satisfy the Spanish Minister, who had claimed, Nov. 26, that it was the duty of the Government to have acted "*gubernativamente*" by Executive mandate; and declared that it "must be the opinion of the Cabinet," that the Government possessed already "the necessary powers to act *gubernativamente*" and "without waiting the decision of any court." And he demands such action as a proper "proof of the scrupulousness and respect with which this nation fulfils treaties;" and he threatens that "if contrary to this hope, the decision should not be as the undersigned asks, he can only declare the General Government of the Union responsible for all and every consequence which the delay may produce." No rebuke was returned for this insolence, but when, afterwards, Jan. 20, 1841, the British Ambassador, Mr. Fox, in obedience to the orders of his Government, wrote to Mr. Forsyth, courteously expressing his "hope" that the President would "find himself empowered to take such measures for the Africans as shall secure to them their liberty, to which without doubt they are by law entitled," the Secretary tartly replies, that the communication is received "as an evidence of the benevolence of Her Majesty's Government—*under which aspect alone it can be entertained* by the Government of the United States."

In his letter of Dec. 12, Mr. Forsyth had assured M. Argaiz that while the delays and proceedings in the Courts were "beyond the control of this Department," at the same time "it is not apprehended that *they will effect the course* which the Government of the United States may think fit ultimately do adopt." What this hint was designed to assure M. Argaiz of, we could probably better understand if we had the minutes of the "confidential" conversations so often referred to in the correspondence. As it is, we can only infer what was meant from what was done. Dec. 30, M. Argaiz writes to Mr. Forsyth, referring to "a conversation which I had with you on the morning of the day before yesterday," in which "you mentioned the possibility that the Court of Connecticut might, at its meeting on the 7th of January next, declare itself incompetent, or order the restitution of the schooner Amistad, with her cargo, and the negroes found on board of her;" and saying that as "these negroes have declared before the Court of Connecticut that they are not slaves, and that the best means of testing the truth of their allegations, is to bring them before the courts of Havana," and he is "at the same time desirous to free the Government of the United States from the trouble of keeping the said negroes in prison;" he asks as a final and "most particular favour," that our Government would place the negroes at the disposal of the Captain General of the Island of Cuba, by transporting them thither in a ship belonging to the United States."

On the 6th of Jan. 1840, Mr. Forsyth replies, that he is instructed by the President to state that "in the event of the decision of the Circuit Court of Connecticut being such as is anticipated," he will cause the necessary orders to be given for a vessel of the United States to be held in readiness to receive the negroes and convey them to Cuba;" and that "the President has the more readily acceded" to the request, that the negroes "may have an opportunity of proving the truth of their allegation" that they are not slaves, "before the proper tribunals of the island." A most benevolent motive for sending persons out of the country!

On the same day, Mr. Forsyth wrote to Mr. Holabird that "the President has, *agreeably to your suggestion*, taken in connection with the request of the Spanish Minister, ordered a vessel to be in readiness to receive the negroes," as the "presumption is that the court will decree" that "they are to remain in the custody of the Marshal to be delivered over"—and requiring him to have the documents "*ready to be handed over* to the Commander." The requisition upon the Navy Department is dated Jan. 2, and requires the vessel "to be ordered to anchor *off the port* of New Haven," not in the harbour, "as early as the 10th of January," and there await her final instructions. The Grampus, Lieutenant Paine, sailed under sealed orders from the Navy Yard at Brooklyn. By letter of Jan. 7, Lieutenant Paine was directed to "place himself in communication" with Mr. Holabird, that "he may receive *the earliest information* of the decision of the court." All this, and many other circumstances, evidently point to an understanding among the parties with regard to "the course which the Government" was now "ultimately to adopt." No letter of Mr. Holabird containing the "suggestion" about sending the negroes away in a national vessel, appears among the printed documents, and *it* must therefore, have been in the course of that "confidential" intercourse carried on "officially or unofficially," which is so often alluded to. The friends of the Africans were not insensible to the danger of some secret and sudden movement, and therefore took the best measures in their power, by sleepless vigilance, and by providing fleet horses at hand, to baffle any such design. That these fears were not groundless, will be seen by a letter from Mr. Holabird to Mr. Forsyth, written Jan. 11, during the progress of the trial at New Haven, in which he points out an error in "the Executive warrant to the Marshal of this District for the delivery of the negroes of the Amistad," in using the term "Circuit Court" for "District Court." He says, "should the *pretended* friends of the negroes obtain a writ of habeas corpus, the Marshal could not justify under that warrant." And he proceeds "the Marshal wishes me to *inquire* whether, in the event of a decree by the court requiring him to release the negroes, or in case of an appeal by the adverse party, it is expected the Executive warrant will be executed?" What expectation does this point to? This was despatched by an express messenger, with such haste, lest perchance this clerical blunder should defeat the designs of the Government, that the reply of Mr. Forsyth is dated the following day, and correcting the mistake, and instructing him, "by direction of the President, that, if the decision of the court is such as is to be anticipated, the order of the President is to be carried into execution, unless an appeal shall actually have been interposed You are not to take it for granted that it will be interposed." This is a plain intimation that it was intended to hurry the negroes out of the jurisdiction of the court on the instant the expected decision of the court should be given. The following is the "Executive Order," which Mr. Van Buren should have always before his eyes *and posterity should cause it to be graven on his tomb, to rot only with his memory.*

"The Marshal of the United States for the district of Connecticut, will deliver over to Lieutenant John J. Paine, of the United States Navy, and aid in conveying on board the schooner Grampus, under his command, all the negroes, late of the Spanish schooner Amistad, in his custody, under warrant now pending before the Circuit Court of the United States for the district of Connecticut. For so doing this order will be his warrant.

"Given under my hand, at the city of Washington, this 7th day of January, A. D. 1840.

"M. VAN BUREN.

"By the President:

"JOHN FORSYTH, Secretary of State."

The unexpected decision of Judge Judson in favour of the negroes, declaring them to be manifestly fresh from Africa, and so entitled to their liberty even under the laws of Spain, defeated all these plans, and drove the Government to the necessity of appealing to the Supreme Court of the United States for a final decision, and of supporting this large company in custody at a vast expense, not yet publicly ascertained, all which was cheerfully undertaken, rather than yield to the demands of justice and mercy to the strangers. The Committee took the best methods in their power to give these benighted heathen such instruction as they were capable of receiving; and the most thorough preparations were made for the *final* trial, which took place at Washington, at the term of the Supreme Court for January 1841. By the blessing of Heaven upon the efforts of the counsel, Mr. Baldwin, and the venerable John Quincy Adams, aided by the light thrown upon the public mind, the Supreme Court confirmed the decision of the lower tribunals so far as to declare the negroes perfectly FREE. "Thy prey hath escaped thee!"

In the following autumn, so many as survived, were sent, by public charity, to Sierra Leone, on the coast of Africa, and within a moderate distance of their own homes. Laus Deo.

From the Liberator.

MR. OTIS'S LETTER.

In another part of this day's paper we have placed a portion of the letter of the Hon. Harrison Gray Otis, to which one of our friends, who assists us in our *pro tempore* functions, alluded last week. We have not room for the whole of it, and we did not think that Mr. Otis's opinions as to the fitness of General Taylor for the Presidency, could be of any particular interest to our readers. The last half of his letter, containing his views of the Anti Slavery agitation, his strictures on General Cass and Mr Van Buren, and his Chapter of Consolation for Mr. Webster, we think they cannot fail to enjoy. Our friend who alluded to Mr. Otis, last week, spoke of him as 'that superannuated and pitiable apologist for Slavery.' Any apologist for Slavery, and especially one in the position of Mr. Otis, is a pitiable object, indeed; but we can discern in this production no signs of superannuation. It is marked by all the liveliness and point of his best days, and shows no sings of impaired mental vigour. It is not a homily '*qui sent l'apoplexie.*' It has no smack of decrepitude or decay. The more's the pity!

The only thing in it that looks like dotage, is the almost comic complacency with which Mr. Otis gives his opinion upon the points treated of in his letter, as if he regarded it as of weight enough to turn the scale by its own specific gravity. He really seems to be unconscious of the extremity of the ill opinion which the great mass of the people of Massachusetts entertain towards him. But, perhaps, it is not surprising that a gentleman of Mr. Otis's great age and large experience, conscious to himself of eminent abilities untouched by time, should esteem his own authority of decisive moment. It is, however, a little singular that any persons tolerably well informed as to the real state of the case, should have ventured on the hazardous experiment of drawing forth a public expression of Mr. Otis's approval of any scheme to which they wished success. It savors of desperation, and, to our mind, casts ominous conjecture on the success of General Taylor. We mean no disrespect to Mr. Otis by thus referring to the notorious fact of his general unpopularity. Quite the contrary, for we believe it *to* be largely owing to the most honourable characteristic of his public life—his unyielding fidelity to the Old Federal Party, through evil report and good report, when treachery would have purchased a brilliant and successful career.

One quality, indeed, Mr. Otis exhibits, which is usually considered as peculiarly incident to old age. He praises the former times as better than these. He is a *laudator temporis acti.*' Because the people of Massachusetts made no objection to General Washington, as a slaveholder, in 1788, he thinks they should make none to General Taylor in 1848, on the same account. Because they unanimously chose as the Head of the Federated Nation, the man who was the Incarnation of the Idea of the Revolution from which it sprung, in spite of his being a slaveholder, he thinks that their descendants should support a man who stands for no Idea excepting Slavery, and who is available only because he is a slaveholder. For if military glory and Whig principles be the qualifications of a candidate, at this particular juncture, why did the Philadelphia Convention pass over General Scott the real conqueror of Mexico, who had gained twice as many battles as General Taylor, and who was a pledged and committed Whig? Simply and purely, because he lacked the one thing needful—slaves. It was 'the unequal bearing of Southern influence, through the appointment of Representatives,' there being a delegate in the Convention for every State Senator and Representative, against which Mr. Otis once protested, and to which he now alludes, that did this. It is this, 'unequal influence' which has aroused the present hopeful spirit of resistance to both the parties which have succumbed to it, and which we may hope will not be stayed, even by the entreaties of Mr. Otis, until it shall have swept away some of the calamitous consequences of the weak credulity or the selfish folly of our Fathers, who consented to create and perpetuate it. We agree, however, with Mr. Otis that the mere fact of slaveholding should not, alone, be an objection to a candidate to those who consent to exercise power under the Constitution. They waive that objection, as he suggests, by such action. It is for this reason, among others, that we refuse to act under it, and, standing outside of it, agitate for such a change in our political relations, as will free us from such disgraceful and ruinous companionship.

And while upon this subject, we must say, in passing, that we think Mr. Otis's memory misleads him as to the unanimity of feeling in Massachusetts, which welcomed the Constitution. He speaks of the thankfulness of the people for the opportunity of 'cementing the incipient alliance by a most solemn compact, expressly recognizing their right to property in their slaves, and engaging to protect it,' and of their 'unbounded joy' on that occasion. Now, if we have read that portion of history aright, Mr. Otis misremembers the facts. The sanction of the State was so far from being eagerly given to the Constitution, that it was doubtful till the very moment of the vote, whether it would be given at all. The scale was finally turned only by John Hancock throwing his wavering weight into the Federal scale, at the last moment. And notwithstanding his great influence, and that of the Town of Boston, where the Convention was held, the Constitution was at last adopted by a majority of only *nineteen* out of three hundred and *fifty-five* votes. This result probably, rather over than under-represented the popular feeling throughout the State. And we are happy to believe that the opposition to the adoption, both within and without the Convention, was largely directed against the concessions and compromises of the Constitution in favour of Slavery. Great as was the folly and the guilt of this compliance of our Fathers for an imaginary selfish good, by which they have delivered their children up bound into the hands of their natural enemies, they are not obnoxious to the deep and damning infamy implied in the eulogy of Mr. Otis.

We can understand that Mr. Otis's personal relations to Slavery and slaveholders may have modified the abhorrence of that guilt which he could hardly have failed to respire in his youth, when the atmosphere of New England was freshly stirred by the storms of the Revolution, and before it was tainted with the breath of Constitutional Compromise. We can comprehend, deeply as we lament it, that the influence of circumstances peculiar to himself, or the power of that pro-slavery public sentiment of the North, which the Constitution has generated and fostered, should have led him to become the Defender of Slavery and Slaveholders in the memorable Sympathy and Indignation Meeting in Faneuil Hall, (an imperishable portion of American history,) which was the precursor of the immortal Mob of the 21st of October, 1835, and now again in the presence of all the People. But we cannot but admire at the exultation with which, while professing the deepest reverence for his character, he can point to the example, as the Hon. Peleg Sprague did to the picture, of 'Washington, the slaveholder,' as confirmation strong of all he says. Does Mr. Otis indeed believe that the fact that Washington held men as property, made such holding right? Or does he verily think that his Man-ownership was one of the chiefest jewels of his crown of glory? If not, why does he give such prominence to an inconsistency, to the disgrace of which Washington himself was far from insensible? It is a graceless son that proclaims and magnifies the folly or the guilt of a parent. Though his filial piety may not extenuate or defend such frailty or crime, it may irreverently hide it;

> 'And if for a moment the veil be removed,
> Weep o'er it in silence and close it again!'

We believe that if the departed spirit of Washington yet regards the scene of his earthly labours, that it leaves its curse upon those who are thus swift to uncover the nakedness of the Father of his Country.

Serious as the subject is, it is hardly possible to suppress a smile at the *naiveté* of Mr. Otis's account of the *Genesis and growth of the Anti-Slavery Movement.* It is very correct, in the main. One can hardly help feeling for the mortification of the *ci devant* Mayor of Boston at finding the authentic information as to the obscurity of the hole and the insignificance of the supporters of the Anti-Slavery Pioneer, which he had communicated 'with the consent of the Aldermen,' to the Governors of Virginia and Georgia, so signally contradicted by the result. But it was even so. Strange as it appeared, and as it seems still to appear, to the brother's son of James Otis, there were men to be found in Massachusetts, and throughout the Free States, who abhorred tyranny and who did not fear to rebuke tyrants. Men, who recognized the black man in his chains as their own equal, and the equal of his master, in the God given rights of Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness. Men, who believed that they could be excused by no compact, made by their fathers or themselves, from using every means, right in itself, for arousing the attention of the Nation and of the World to the atrocities and abominations of American Slavery, and creating an exterminating abhorrence of it; even if they should in the process 'bring upon the planters of the South the hatred and contempt of their Northern brethren.' Men who, when they discerned that the Constitution, while it made them the guarantors of Slavery, made them, at the same time, the political serfs of an Oligarchy resting on ownership in human beings, shrunk not from denouncing it as 'A Covenant with Death and an agreement with Hell,' and openly labouring for its overthrow as the main obstacle in the way of Universal Freedom and the existence of a True Republic.

While the Chief Magistrate of Boston, "with the consent of the Alderman," was thus assuring their alarmed Excellencies of Virginia and Georgia that the Earth did not move, and though, at a later day, "the gentlemen of property and standing," compelled the Galileo who advanced that pestilent heresy to fly for his life to the hospitalities of the Boston Gaol, the stubborn Earth kept on moving all the same. And, now, it has reached a point of its orbit where the strange signs in the Heaven, their malign aspect and baleful influence, perplexing this modern Joshua with fear of change, arouse him to try his hand at conjuring once more. We apprehend that it will be to no purpose. The Revolution whose small beginnings the comfortable Mayor and Aldermen of Boston could not discern, is on foot, and cannot go backward. The editor who was with difficulty "ferreted out" by the city officers, has come forth from his "obscure hole," and his name is a tower of strength. The South fears him. The North hates him. But the influence that has gone out from him moves them both. And great multitudes, on both sides of the Atlantic, reverence and love the name of William Lloyd Garrison, who never heard of that Harrison Gray Otis. He has gathered around him a body of men, if not numerous, at least devoted to the idea he represents. They recognize in the Anti-Slavery Movement the Business of their day and generation.—The Complement of the Revolution, without which it were better that it had never been begun. Of these some, from social position, education, talent or eloquence, might perhaps have had their share of the vulgar prizes of political or professional ambition; all, have had their good name, their *status*, their prosperity more or less affected by the course duty pointed out to them. But they have counted it joy to be allowed to give themselves, and what they had to bring, be it less or more, to carry forward, in its obscure beginnings, the only historical Movement of their time, the only one which will influence the destiny of countless millions, and he felt till the end of time. This, we grant, is "Fanaticism." *But it is a Fanaticism that always carries its point!* "An attempt," says Fisher Ames, "that is never abandoned, at last, will not fail!" And Mr. Otis may be assured that this attempt WILL NEVER BE ABANDONED!

Mr. Otis is the guardian of more than his own honour and fame. He has received the inheritance of a Great and Venerable Name. A name that stands for Love of Liberty and Resistance to Tyranny. This Name, which is the common property of the lovers of Liberty every where, was, in an especial manner, entrusted to his keeping. How he has discharged this trust, in the later years of his life, is for himself, his contemporaries and posterity to decide. For ourself, we will only say, that were we nearly and dearly connected with one to whom the inheritance of a Name consecrated by the memories of a great struggle for Freedom had descended, and who had preserved it untarnished through the strifes and temptations of a long life of public service, sooner, far sooner, would we see his head laid in the dust by the side of ashes he had not dishonoured, than to bear him uplift his voice in justification, palliation or toleration of Human Slavery.—Q.

From the Daily Globe.

THE OPINIONS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON ON SLAVERY.—HIS LETTER TO GOVERNOR COLES OF ILLINOIS.

No man ever lived in this country whose opinions upon political questions command greater respect, or more profound attention than those of Thomas Jefferson. He has been truly denominated the father of our political institutions; and never spoke or wrote upon a subject without fully understanding it in all its bearings. The bitterness of party spirit for a long time prevented full justice being done him, but at last his fame has become the brightest gem in the casket of human liberty, and his opinions are now universally respected.

His determined opposition to Slavery may be judged of by an extract from the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, which was stricken out at the suggestion of the delegates from South Carolina and Georgia, because those colonies at that time permitted the importation of slaves. This extract reads as follows:—

"He (the King) has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people, who never offended him—captivating and carrying them into Slavery—in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of Infidel powers, is the warfare of the Christian King of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legitimate attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce."

From that day to the day of his death, the great apostle of liberty was, on every proper occasion, the opponent of African Slavery. In the Assembly of Virginia, during the revolutionary war, a proposition was made to revise the code of laws which related to monarchy, so as to make it more consistent with the spirit of Republicanism. One of the alterations sought to be effected, was that of emancipating all slaves born after a certain day. In relation to this proposition, we find, in Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia," an able and philosophical dissertation, arguing in favour of the proposed alteration.

But our object now is to lay before our readers the letter of Jefferson to Governor Coles, of Illinois. It was written at a time when efforts were made to convert Illinois from a non-slaveholding to a slaveholding State. These efforts were mainly defeated by the exertions of Governor Coles, stimulated in the exercise of his influence in favour of freedom by the advice of Mr. Jefferson:—

MONTICELLO, August 25, 1814.

DEAR SIR:—Your favour of July 31 was duly received, and was read with peculiar pleasure. The sentiments breathed through the whole do honour both to the head and heart of the writer. Mine, on the subject of the Slavery of negroes, have long since been in possession of the public, and time has only served to give them stronger root. The love of justice and the love of country plead equally the cause of these people, and it is a mortal reproach to us that they should have pleaded it so long in vain, and should have produced not a single effort, nay, I fear not much serious willingness, to relieve them and ourselves from our present condition of moral and political reprobation. From those in a former generation, who were in the fullness of age when I came into public life, which was while our controversy with England was on paper only, I soon saw that nothing was to be hoped. Nursed and educated in the daily habit of seeing the degraded condition, both bodily and mental, of those unfortunate beings, not reflecting that that degradation was very much the work of themselves and their fathers, few minds had yet doubted but that they were as legitimate subjects of property as their horses or cattle. The quiet and monotonous course of colonial life had been disturbed by no alarm, and little reflecion on the value of liberty. And when an alarm was taken at an enterprise of their own, it was not easy to carry them the whole length of the principles which they invoked for themselves. In the first or second session of the Legislature, after I became a member, I drew to this subject the attention of Colonel Bland, one of the oldest, ablest, and most respected members, and he undertook to move for certain moderate extensions of the protection of the laws to these people. I seconded his motion, and, as a younger member, was more spared in the debate; but he was denounced as an enemy to his country, and was treated with the greatest indecorum. From an early stage of our Revolution, other and more distant duties were assigned to me, so that from that time till my return from Europe in 1789, and I may say, till I returned to reside at home in 1809, I had little opportunity of knowing the progress of public sentiment here on this subject. I had always hoped that the younger generation, receiving their early impressions after the flame of liberty had been kindled in every breast, and had become, *as it were, the vital spirit of* every American, that the generous temperament of youth analagous to the motion of their blood, and above the suggestions of avarice, would have sympathised with oppression wherever found, and proved their love of liberty beyond their own share of it. But my intercourse with them, since my return, has not been sufficient to ascertain that they had made towards this point the progress I had hoped. Your solitary but welcome voice is the first which has brought this sound to my ear; and I have considered the general silence which prevails on this subject, as indicating an apathy unfavourable to every hope. Yet the hour of emancipation is advancing in the march of time. It will come; and whether brought on by the generous energy of our own minds, or by the bloody process of St. Domingo, excited and conducted by the power of our present enemy, if once stationed permanently within our country, and offering asylum and arms to the oppressed, is a leaf of our history not turned over.

As to the method by which this difficult work is to be effected, if permitted to be done by ourselves, I have seen no proposition so expedient on the whole, as that of emancipation of those born after a given day, and of their education and expatriation at a proper age. This would give time for a gradual extinction of that species of labour, and substitution of another, and lessen the severity of the shock, which an operation so fundamental cannot fail to produce. The idea of emancipating the whole at once, the old as well as the young, and retaining them here, is of those only who have not the guide of either knowledge or experience on the subject. For men, probably of any colour, but of this colour we know, brought up from their infancy without necessity for thought or forecast, are by their habits rendered as incapable as children of taking care of themselves, and are extinguished promptly wherever industry is necessary for raising the young. In the meantime they are pests in society by their idleness, and the depredations to which this leads them. Their amalgamation with the other colour, produces a degradation to which no lover of his country, no lover of excellence in the human character, can innocently consent.

I am sensible of the partialities with which you have looked towards me as the person who should undertake this salutary but arduous work. But this, my dear sir, is like bidding old Priam to buckle on the armour of Hector—"*trementibus ævo humeris et inutile ferrum cingi.*" No, I have out-lived the generation with which mutual labours and perils begat mutual confidence and influence. This enterprise is for the young—for those who can follow it up, and bear it through to its consummation.

It shall have all my prayers, and these are the only weapons of an old man. But, in the meantime, are you right in abandoning this property, and your country with it? I think not. My opinion has ever been, that, until more can be done for them, we should endeavour, with those whom fortune has thrown on our hands, to feed and clothe them well, protect them from ill usage, require such reasonable labour only as is performed voluntarily by freemen, and be led by no repugnance to abdicate them, and our duties to them. The laws do not permit us to turn them loose, if that were for their good; and to commute them for other property, is to commit them to those whose usage of them we cannot control. I hope, then, my dear sir, you will reconcile yourself to your country and its unfortunate condition; that you will not lessen its stock of sound disposition, by withdrawing your portion from the mass. That, on the contrary, you will come forward in the public councils, become the missionary of this doctrine, truly Christian, insinuate and inculcate it, softly but steadily, through the medium of writing and conversation, associate others in your labours, and, when the phalanx is formed, bring on the press the proposition perseveringly, until its accomplishment. It is an encouraging observation, that no good measure was ever proposed which, if duly pursued, failed to prevail in the end. We have proof of this in the history of the endeavours, in the British Parliament, to suppress that very trade which brought this evil on us. And you will be supported by the religious precept, "Be not wearied in well doing." That your success may be as speedy and complete, as it will be of honourable and immortal consolation to yourself, I shall as fervently and sincerely pray, as I assure of my great friendship and respect.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

EDWARD COLES, Esq.

A MOST INFAMOUS PROCEEDING.

A number of well-known benevolent citizens of this county, in view of the destitution of the coloured people, have recently taken measures to erect a House of Industry for them, on the plan of those now existing for the whites, excepting that it was with a truly Christian philanthropy, open, as we are informed, to the poor and needy of all complexions. A lot had been procured in Moyamensing, and the edifice commenced, when on Monday evening, the sage Commissioners of that district met and adopted the following Preamble and Resolutions:

Whereas, a petition has been presented to this Board, which sets forth that a building is about to be erected on Catharine street, near Seventh, within this district, which is to be occupied as a House of Industry for poor and degraded negroes.

And, whereas, It is represented by the petitioners that the erection of a building to be occupied for such a purpose, in a thrifty and improving neighbourhood, which is densely settled by white people, will create a disturbance, or will drive away the white population and thereby depreciate the value of property.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Board, the black population of our City and County is already sufficiently cared for; and that the charities that now exist are ample to supply the wants of all them that are worthy and deserving.

Resolved, That the erection of a building for such a purpose, in such a neighbourhood as that within which it is intended this shall be erected, manifests a wanton and reckless disregard of public sentiment, and a contempt for the feelings of the neighbouring inhabitants.

If those who have contributed to the fund for the erection of this building are determined to waste their means in visionary schemes of philanthropy, justice dictates that they should concentrate the objects of their charity in their own neighbourhood—near their own doors, where, if they create a nuisance, they may suffer the consequences of it, or if it is a public benefit, they may be eye witnesses of its great advantages.

Resolved, That all buildings to be used for such purposes to which public sentiment is opposed, and which are thereby likely to create disturbance or commotion, should be erected within the limits of the city of Philadelphia, whose great resources enable it to keep a powerful police, and thereby extend at all times ample protection to both persons and property.

Strong as the language of our heading is, reader, we feel that it is weak as water, to tell the feeling of abhorrence and indignation which will inspire the heart of every humane man at the act which calls it forth. In the corruption of parties and party leaders, the inhumanity of churches, the cowardice or treachery of pretended gospel ministers, and the tyranny and usurpation of public officers, which the Anti-Slavery movement has revealed, we have seen much to excite grief, indignation and disgust; but in the history of pro-Slavery violence and official rascality, we have never read of a baser or more cowardly and inexcusable act than this of the Moyamensing Commissioners. For the perjured mobocracy of the Philadelphia police, at the burning of Pennsylvania Hall, there was the excuse of popular excitement and rage; there is no such apology for this inhuman procedure; there has not only been no manifestation of mob feeling against the enterprise, which these petty tyrants have outlawed and tabooed, but, originating with well known and esteemed philanthropists, it has received the countenance and support of many of the most distinguished and influential citizens of the county; some even of the official mobocrats of '38 were among its patrons.

The records of a Vicksburgh Lynch court would exhibit nothing more unfeeling and wickedly cruel than this piece of petty official negro hatred. Nothing could be more false, as they doubtless know, than the assertion that the present provisions, for the poor of these oppressed people, are "ample," or that they are "already sufficiently cared for." There are in that district hundreds of poor men and women, ignorant and degraded, without work, without friends to care for them, almost houseless, and exposed to innumerable temptations to vice and crime, and to insults and injuries from drunken whites. Instead of being protected by the officers appointed to guard the weak, ruffianly and avaricious policemen rob and abuse them at their pleasure, under pretence of preserving the peace. Believing that these petty officials cannot be ignorant of these facts, what must we think of their humanity or veracity in the assertions by which they try to justify their illegal and mobocratic course? They prove that if Moyamensing needs no House of Industry for its coloured people, it does greatly need a House of Correction for its Commissioners. We have no room for farther refutation of the misstatements or exposure of the wickedness of these resolutions. We are gratified to see that they meet with deserved condemnation from the daily press of our city.—*Pa. Freeman.*

MORAL DESTITUTION AT THE SOUTH.

The Rev. Mr. Cook of this city, who has recently been in attendance at a meeting of Colporteurs at Lewisburg, Va. in the service of the A. Tract Society, gives a deplorable account of the intellectual and spiritual condition of the people of Western Virginia, among whom these missionaries had been travelling. The *True Wesleyan* publishes a letter from him, from which we make an extract. We do not gather either from this or another letter of Mr. Cook's in the *Messenger* that the slaves are included among those who are the objects of the missionary charity of the Tract Society:

The wide field traversed by these brethren, embracing some fifty or sixty counties, stretches from the Blue Ridge to the Ohio river, a mean distance of more than two hundred miles in width, and from the Pennsylvania to the Tennessee line. The territory is about equal to that embraced in the States of New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Jersey. But while the population of these States will average something like sixty to the square *mile*, that of the district under consideration will not exceed ten, and many counties have not more than two or five inhabitants to a square mile. West of the Alleghanies, the country is an almost uninterrupted succession of mountains, suited alone for *grazing*, or, if the immense water-power were turned to account, for manufacturing. The people chiefly reside in log cabins, along the little valleys, ravines, or hill sides, with almost no reference to neighbourhood, school, or church privileges, in their location. There are not a half dozen villages in Virginia, west of the Alleghanies, that contain three hundred inhabitants each; and in one country, seventy miles by thirty five, larger than the State of Rhode Island, the largest village contains but five dwellings.

The *means of education* are very restricted and inadequate. The schoolmaster needs to be on horseback to find his pupils. Probably one fifth of the adult population cannot read at all, and a much larger proportion are but poor readers. Nearly one-half of the population are so situated as to prevent the enjoyment of the means of instruction with any degree of regularity, if they were provided; and in many counties there were not more than one or two common schools in operation. Sabbath schools were few in number, and imperfectly supplied with teachers or libraries, and few children attend them.

The amount of *ministerial instruction* is altogether inadequate. In a region of country more than twice as large as Massachusetts, there are but six places where the congregations enjoy the preaching of the Gospel regularly every Sabbath; and a very small proportion of those who hear the Gospel, have the opportunity more frequently than once a month. Immense numbers do not enjoy the priviledge from year to year. Such facts as the following, existing in a State which has been settled for more than two centuries, seem hardly credible; yet they are literally true. A county, forty miles long, has the labours of but two preachers, with six congregations, averaging about forty members. Another county, seventy *miles* by *thirty-five*, has the labours of two itinerant preachers, and no other. Other counties are better supplied with preaching; but nearly all have destitute families and neighbourhoods, who never hear the preached word.

It is not strange that an appalling *destitution of the Bible* should exist among a population so sparse, and enjoying so few other means of grace. Already, the colporteurs have hunted out three thousand one hundred and eighty-four families, embracing more than fifteen thousand souls, who were destitute of the word of God. In many cases, professors of religion, of various denominations, were found without this precious treasure; and it is clear, that a large part of the whole number would have remained destitute, but for such a system as colportage.

Religious books, in any variety, were rarely found.—No less than five thousand two hundred and one families have been visited in the last three years, who were destitute of all religious books, except the Bible. This is more than one-fifth of the whole number. And this statement will excite no surprise, when the fact is known, that in a region of country two hundred miles wide, and two hundred and fifty long, there is not a single bookstore where religious books can be *purchased!*

REVOLTING SPECTACLE.

One of those revolting spectacles which are seen wherever the system of *African Slavery* is tolerated, was presented in the streets of our city, on Sunday morning last. A gang of negroes, consisting of persons of both sexes, accompanied by a white man, on their way to a southern market, passed along Chestnut street, *as the bells of the various churches were calling on Christians to assemble at their respective places of worship.* In front of the procession was a large wagon, in which were thickly stowed several women and children. This was followed by forty three men and boys walking, several of them chained together, the whole under the charge of a man on horseback. This miserable spectacle excited the honest indignation of our citizens, who regarded it as a direct insult offered to them, and the day, and the hour.

We have heard several of our most respectable citizens speak of this outrage on the feelings of a Christian community, all of whom concurred in reprobating it in the strongest possible terms. And, yet, such spectacles are the necessary *adjuncts* of the system of *Slavery.* Wherever it prevails, they will be seen. We have never heard any one speak of the slave traders who are engaged in the internal slave trade, without denouncing them and their accursed traffic. They are everywhere looked upon as unworthy of the least respect, and their society is shunned by all. And yet men are found, who, for a base love of money will consign themselves and families to universal contempt, and others are found who, for the sake of a few pitiful dollars, will sustain these men in their traffic by selling their slaves to them.

We earnestly hope the day is not very distant when our beloved Commonwealth, so honoured and honourable in other respects, will get rid of its system of bondage, and along with it, all its revolting adjuncts.—*Louisville Examiner.*

From the Morning Star.

BLOCKADE OF AFRICA.

We are interested in this country to know how the allied blockade of the coast of Africa prospers, as we pay more than a million of dollars annually for our share of expenses. Since the Brazilians have adopted steam slavers, they are doing a profitable business, and the blockading squadron in vain attempts to overhaul them. Complaints are made in England of the hardships of the service on that coast. Most of the labour and the risk are from boat-service, being compelled to cross the bars formed by alluvial deposits at the mouths of the rivers. The utmost skill is often insufficient to prevent the boats from swamping in these expeditions, as the surf is sometimes so violent as to baffle the hardiest swimmers, and the sharks are so numerous and vigilant as to give the swimmers no chance at all. Deaths from drowning and devouring constitute a large portion of the returns; but from the diseases of the climate they are frightful. A return to Parliament has been recently made, of the average mortality during twenty-one years on the various English naval stations, calculated upon one thousand of the mean force employed. South America, 7,7; Mediterranean, 9,3; Home, 9,8; East Indies, 15,4; West Indies, 18,4; Coast of Africa 58,4. We thus see at once, what a terrible service it must be on the African coast. An attempt was made as far back as 1826, to make a settlement on the island of Fernando Po, which had all the appearance of a garden of Eden. Thirty mechanics landed in 1827, and cleared a mile of land. In 1829 only five remained. The man of war, Eden, at that Island and on the coast, lost, in seven months, 110 men out of 160. In June, 1829, fifty-eight marines and mechanics, including women, landed, and in the following October, only four had escaped. Providence seems to have surrounded Africa and the neighbouring islands with a climate fatal to the white man. In 18 months the Devastation steamer lost two commanders. Thus far we must admit that our small squadron has been fortunate in having lost but few men; our cruising ground may be a more healthy region, and we may be more cautious in preserving the health of our crews. The last capture made by the British was the *Pensamento*, a Brazilian vessel, and there were some facts in relation to the chase which are not satisfactory and ought to be known. She had five hundred slaves on board, stowed under the hatches, and was a remarkable fast sailing schooner. The Dolphin chased her for twelve hours, and whenever she would come in range of the slaver, would let drive at her with a thirty-two pounder, and out of fifty shots, forty seven told. The slave schooner used every art to disguise her appearance and calling, but every shot that struck her would be succeeded by a shriek which told the sad tale. Firing into a vessel filled with human creatures, cutting them to pieces with grape and cannister, for the purpose of protecting them, is an outrage on the humanity supposed to be the basis of this blockade. Besides, a 32 pound shot might sink the ship and all on board, and finish the business at once. This is more barbarous than the slave trade itself, and our Government should institute an inquiry into the practice. We hazard the lives of the officers and crew of our vessels on that station; we expend a large sum annually to prevent slaves being carried out of Africa, but if the slavers escape our vessels of war, outsail them, or are more fleet, let them go. We deny the right, justice, and humanity of firing shot after shot into a vessel filled with unfortunate human beings.

From the North Star.

VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA.

We have seldom spent two weeks more agreeably, or usefully, than those which we have just passed in the City of Brotherly Love. At the urgent request of several devoted friends of the cause in that place, we were reluctantly induced to leave our editorial post, for the purpose of holding a series of meetings in that city among the coloured people, and thereby extend the circulation of the North Star. In the pleasure which the visit afforded, the numerous friends and acquaintances made, the increased knowledge of the social condition of our people acquired, subscriptions to the North Star obtained, and the general and we trust praiseworthy good done, we feel abundantly compensated for the toil and inconvenience to which absence from our editorial duties invariably subjects us. Of the meetings of the first week, our co-editor, Delany, has already informed you. They were such as would have cheered the hearts of freedom's friends, and chilled the blood of tyrants to have witnessed. They were large, generous, enthusiastic and unanimous. There was never so general an interest excited among the coloured people of that city before. The whole population seemed moved by a general impulse from Lombard street to West Philadelphia, and from thence to the Northern Liberties, the cause of freedom rolled, sweeping all before it. For much of the interest excited, the cause is largely indebted to the well-directed efforts of Charles Lenox Remond. He had, in company with Dr. Bias, George W. Goines, Rev. Messrs. Galbrath, and Catto, and other devoted friends of freedom, kept up a constant fire upon the pro-slavery churches and ministry of Philadelphia. When nearly exhausted, the appearance of M. R. Delany refreshed and invigorated them for a renewal of the contest, and they were in full blast when we arrived. Many of the coloured churches had been closed against the discussion. Little Wesley, presided over by Rev. Mr. Catto, was for a time almost the only house where the cause of the slave could be freely pleaded. Brick Wesley, a large and commodious building, presided over by Rev Mr. Galbrath, came open next. Shiloh Baptist Church, presided over by Rev. S. Serrington, threw open its doors next. Bethel Church, in West Philadelphia, threw its doors open next; and last, though not least, the Union and Zoar Churches, in the Northern Liberties, were opened to the cause next. The churches most hostile to the Anti-Slavery movement and bitterly opposed to opening their doors, are Stephen Gloucester's, St. Thomas's, and Large Bethel. These three are closed against discussion, and for various reasons. The first of this pro-slavery trio is presided over by one of the vilest traitors to his race that ever lived. When the mob spirit raged in Philadelphia in 1842, and the persons and property of coloured citizens had been attacked, some killed, and much property destroyed, this miserable traitor came out in a card in the Philadelphia Ledger, and attempted to propitiate the pro-slavery demon by declaring that *his church had never been opened for Anti-Slavery meetings*, thus, dastard like, making a merit of his meanness, and claiming protection from the oppressor because he had basely turned his back upon the oppressed. He is the same Gloucester who was the pet of the misnamed Free Church of Scotland, which sent a deputation to this country four years ago to solicit donations for the purpose of building Free churches, and paying Free Church ministers in Scotland, which deputation went into the slave States, saw the slaves in their horrible condition, divested of all rights, herded with the beast of the field, bound with chains, maimed with irons, scarred by the lash, locked up in midnight ignorance, denied the opportunity of learning to read the name and will of God; and with this giant crime before them, they fellowshipped the slaveholder, called him Dear Christian brother, solicited and obtained his blood-stained gold, saying nothing of his crimes, or whispering a word of sympathy with the perishing slaves. They left our shores, placed their stolen treasure in the sustentation fund, and when rebuked for it by Henry C. Wright, George Thompson, William Lloyd Garrison, and ourselves, they immediately pressed the Bible into the service of Slavery, and in defence of their conduct, declared that *"Jesus Christ sat down at the communion table with slaveholders, who not only had the right to whip their slaves, but to kill them."* This church has recently promised to say nothing to their American brethren on the subject of Slavery. They remain in full fellowship with slaveholders, and promise to be silent respecting their slaveholding wickedness. It is with such a church that that Stephen Gloucester, with a full knowledge of its character, united, on landing in Scotland. And, as if to make the bond of union perfect, he availed himself of the advantage of his colour, and the position it gave him, to denounce, publicly, the Anti-Slavery movement in this country, as well as to condemn the exposures, then being made, of the guilty position of the Free Church. Such a man might well be expected to close his doors against freedom's advocates. He is still in Christian union with slaveholder, and welcomes to his pulpit *Rev. J. Parker, D. D.*, a wretch that has recently signalized himself by writing and speaking to prove Slavery a divine, and not an infernal institution. One almost feels a wish, in view of the baseness and treachery of this same Gloucester, that he might be subject to slavery and the lash, at least long enough to have his eyes opened on the subject. This evangelical defender of slaveholding was invited to preach in Gloucester's pulpit, while we were there, and if he had chosen he might have vindicated Slavery from the Bible, in that pulpit, and in the presence of a number of fugitive slaves. The course of this recreant black man would make us ashamed of our race, if we did not know him to be an exception to it. We turn from him as from a viper, for, morally speaking, he is such.

In point of hostility to the Anti-Slavery movement, St. Thomas's Church stands next. Its doors are barred against the cause of the slave; and to its pulpit are welcomed Episcopalian slaveholders and Slavery defenders. It is truly astonishing that coloured men, those who have endured many of the horrors of Slavery, can stand in religious fellowship with men who are the every-day robbers of their fellow-men of all their rights. These men witness the sorrows of the bondmen, see his back scarred with the tyrant's lash, and then hug to their communion and fellowship the guilty wretch who perpetrates the fiendish outrage! We know that coloured Episcopalians, as well as white ones, excuse themselves for not opening their churches to Anti-Slavery meetings, on the ground that those churches are dedicated to the worship of God, and that it would, therefore, be using the house of God improperly, misappropriating it, to throw it open for such purposes. We are willing to give this doctrine all the weight it deserves. It may be conscientiously believed, and so far deserves some respect. But the fact that such superstitious doctrine is held by any coloured man in this country, shows the necessity for a more radical reform than we have hitherto attempted. The Jewish religion sanctified times and places, and set them apart for certain forms and ceremonies. Christ found them all in existence, and left them destroyed after him. He placed mercy above sacrifice, man above the Sabbath, and worship above time or place. We claim to be complete in him. Regarding the old law as a school master, we approach the true Prophet, whom we are to hear in all things. Now, what does Christ say on the subject of worship? "But the hour cometh, and now is when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a spirit and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth." The idea of temple worship here is clearly disclaimed. To build a house to God, and regard it as being too holy in which to plead the cause of injured man, is like "tithing mint, annise and cummin, and omitting the weightier matters of the law. It is to make clean the outside of the cups and the platter, whilst disregarding the uncleanness within. It is not holiness of timber, but holiness of heart that God enjoins. It is not churches of bricks and mortar, of wood and paint, of brass and iron. The house which God requires is a spiritual one. "Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a *spiritual house*—a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices unto God, by Jesus Christ." Now, the notion—for such we must call it—of regarding houses with peculiar reverence, and thinking that the Almighty regards them with any special favour, is diametrically opposed to the very genius of Christianity, and has no sanction in the New Testament Scriptures. Houses are for men; they need them—God does not. He fills immensity of space with his presence, and may well ask, "Where is the house ye build unto me?"—We need houses—meeting houses, if you please; but we need them for man—for his improvement, elevation, and freedom; and any worship which does not contemplate this, in the most enlarged and comprehensive sense, is blind, superstitious, and Anti-Christian. Yet we are bound to say that this worship is almost the only visible worship that the world presents. Our worship abounds with honour for God, and contempt for man. Away with all such worship; the sooner the world gets rid of it, the better.—It is perfectly unmeaning, and may be performed by the bad as well as the good—slaveholders, slavetraders, thieves and liars, may engage in it with all the outward solemnity of saints, and it leaves them as wicked as ever, as much devoted to their sins as ever. To worship God, is to worship goodness, to be wholly devoted to good, to imitate Christ, who went about doing good, to love and adore God for his goodness, and to strive to be like God in doing good, is the true worship. Let us ask our friends of St. Thomas's Church, Philadelphia, if they think Slavery contrary to goodness? and, if so, how they can close their doors against those who are labouring to remove it. They will answer us, that they have a *canon* against allowing any person who has not been ordained occupying their church. Here again they exalt the form, regardless of the power of godliness. The devil, in holy orders, would be received, while Christ, unordained, would be rejected. Such a religion will do very well for the oppressors, but is by no means suited to the oppressed. We call upon William Douglass, the minister of that church, to break his chains and those of his church, and be no longer hampered and enslaved by those powers of darkness. He has the head, and we believe the heart, (had he but the independence to break his fetters,) to make himself very useful to his race in this their time of need.

The next church which remained closed to the hour of our leaving, was large Bethel.—We have several times pleaded the cause of the slave within her walls, and why she is closed at this time is a mystery. We were informed that the minister and people were willing to have the house opened, but that the trustees were divided, and that the church was in great difficulty about matters of their own concern. This, however, is no excuse for them. At the very mention of the bondman's name, and the slightest chance of striking a blow for the overthrow of oppression, they ought to have forgotten minor differences and rallied as one man to the rescue. But such was far from being the case. They saw the people, eager to hear the truth, blocking up the street in front of Little Wesley, unable to gain admission within its narrow walls, and ourselves begging the use of their house, and they closed it against us. We say to these churches, one and all, You are standing in your own light—you are playing into the hands of your enemies, and sealing your own degradation.

We have given the foregoing notice of the churches named, with no desire to reflect unjustly upon the Anti-Slavery members of them, of whom, we are glad to say, there are many; but to record instructive facts, to which our children and coming generations may turn and ascertain some of the difficulties with which those who laboured for their rights and liberties had to grapple, even among our own brethren. It will be a painful and deeply mortifying fact for those who come after us, to look back upon that, in the year one thousand eight hundred and *forty-eight*, when the whole world seemed moved on the question of human rights, and our own land was agitated by movements designed to promote our happiness as a people, the very churches and ministers of our own complexion, and suffering many of the hardships and grievances sought to be removed, stood side by side with the oppressors, and instead of aiding the cause of their own redemption, opposed the efforts to gain it with all the means in their power. We call upon those churches to throw open their doors to the discussion of Slavery and the means necessary to our improvement and elevation. This they must do, or be execrated by coming generations, as the worst enemies of their own variety of the human family. It is plain that whatever improvement has taken place in our condition during the last fifteen years, has been chiefly the result of the Anti-Slavery sentiments, given to the public by Abolitionists. Now, to shut the doors of the churches against those emancipating truths and sentiments, is thus far to shut the public ear, and darken the public heart on the subject. It is to do our best to silence free discussion, to smother freedom of speech, and to allow all things to remain as they are. We have no hesitancy in saying that if those coloured churches, which shut their doors against the cause of the slave, had the power, they would shut every church in the land against the discussion of Slavery; they would silence every lecturer, and banish every press favourable to the discussion of human rights. They would play the tyrant as readily and as bitterly as do our white oppressors. We leave these churches to their intelligent members, whom we are sure will give them no peace while they remain in their present slaveholding position.

We now turn to the signs of encouragement and cheer which greeted us among the coloured people of Philadelphia; and not the least among these was the interest taken in the cause by some of the most influential ladies in that city. At the first meeting which we attended, a desire was expressed that some ladies volunteer to obtain subscribers to the North Star, and in a very few moments we had nearly a dozen ladies volunteering to do their best in this department. Among these, we may mention the name of Mrs. James Foster, Mrs. Bias, Mrs. Joseph Cassey, Mrs. Stephen Smith, Miss Bustell, and some young ladies who might shrink from having their names made thus public. To these ladies we are indebted for a considerable accession to our subscription list, for which they have our sincere thanks. If these lend their aid, we defy opposition. Mainly through the help of these ladies, a society, called the Philadelphia North Star Association, intended especially to aid the North Star, and to promote the circulation of truth by assisting Anti Slavery agents, was formed and put in operation. From the formation of this society, we anticipate much good to our cause, through the country at large.—Another encouraging fact is, that a Convention was held during three days in Brick Wesley, crowded to overflowing with a deeply interested audience, before whom the subject of our duties to the slave and ourselves was thoroughly canvassed. The Convention was mainly addressed by Dr. Bias, Milvin Gibbs, Robert Purvis, of Byberry, Charles Lenox Remond, Henry Highland Garnet, Stephen Smith, George Goines, William Whipper, Rev. Mr. Galbrath, Rev. Mr. Catto, and many others, who displayed a zeal and devotion to the cause not less worthy than those whose names we have just mentioned. The Convention was such as was never held in that city before, and long will it be remembered as the commencement of better days in that place. It was a free Convention—as free to our foes as to our friends, and there were not wanting men to oppose us. Some of them had evidently learned their lesson well. It sounded rather strange, however, to have coloured men preferring the old mad-dog charge of *Infidelity, Anti-Sabbath, Anti Church, Anti Ministry, &c.*, against the Abolitionists.—These stale charges, caught from the lips of their evangelical oppressors, were blown into our ears by a Mr. Wears and Bowers, with all the enthusiasm of newly discovered truth. Poor fellows, they were merely echoing the stale slang of slaveholders, put forth to prolong their infernal reign over their heartbroken bondmen. They little know that it is the religion of our enslavers which must be repudiated before the coloured man can be free. In accepting the white men's Christianity for our souls, we accept his chains for our limbs.—We spurn both. Our God is opposed to Slavery; the slaveholder's God sanctions Slavery. Our church is opposed to Slavery; the white man's church is in favour of Slavery.—Our Christ loves the slave; the white man's Christ has no sympathy with the slave, but is on the side of the oppressor. We must repudiate the one, and cling to the other.

Among the number of our white friends who aided us in the objects of the Convention—we gratefully name Lucretia Mott, and Hannah Moore, two of the purest and best benefactors of our people in that city. It was gratifying to see the respect and deference paid to the words of truth and wisdom which fell from the lips of those noble women.—Long may they live to soothe the sorrows of the poor—enlighten the minds of the uninformed—and to bless the plundered slave. With one hundred such abolitionists as these, Philadelphia would soon be redeemed, prejudice against colour would soon be unknown, and the coloured man's rights would be fully respected in that city. We have given this somewhat lengthy, though very imperfect letter respecting our visit to Philadelphia—because we attach great importance to that point as a place, which more than almost any other in our land, holds the destiny of our people.—The coloured population there is large—numbering from twenty-five to thirty thousand souls—and these are variously conditioned. Among them we are proud to say, there are many who are well informed—many who take a warm and intelligent interest in the subject of our elevation from degradation to respectability. Some of these are not only educated, but persons of wealth and standing in community, commanding the respect of all who know them. Candour, however, compels us to confess, that this description of persons form a minority of the people of that city. Unfortunately for us, as with all oppressed people—oppression not only begets a character in the oppressor favourable to the continuance of his oppression, but also begets a corresponding character in his victim. There are a large portion of our people in that city, whose conduct is greatly to the prejudice of our cause, as it puts arguments into the mouths of our oppressors, and gives to them at least the shadow of a reason for keeping us just where we are. To arouse this class of persons to a sense of their manhood, to instil into their minds higher ideas of truth and duty—to awaken them to their social degradation, and to inspire them with higher aims than those which have hitherto distinguished them is a work of great practical importance. Their numerical greatness, and geographical proximity to Slavery, gives them a mighty lever of influence on this question. Make the coloured people in Philadelphia what they ought to be, and there is no power in the land which can long oppress and degrade us.—F. D.

THE PITTSBURGH BLOODHOUND.

We take pleasure in stating that the "young Democratic Lawyer," who has been referred to as an "accomplice" with a drunken negro, in betraying a slave to his master, is no other than E. SNOWDEN, Esq., candidate for Assembly on the Democratic ticket. The slave was Jerry Scott, who was carried off in August last at midnight, from the end of the wire bridge; Mr. Snowden was with the men and carriage which carried him away, and aided to gag and put him nigh the carriage. After they had started he paid the drunken negro, who was since tarred and feathered, for his share of the business. Poor Jerry fought so hard for liberty, that his captors [illegible] him before they got to Winchester, Virginia, where his master lived. Mr. Snowden can deny this at his leisure. We have the documents sworn to and subscribed, and would have published the matter last week, but for the urgent solicitations of some cowardly men, who pretended *they were going to do something great about it.* There is good reason to believe, Mr. Snowden follows this business, and that this is not his first case. Here Towser! Here Towser! Hiss, catch him, fellow.—*Pittsburgh Saturday Visitor.*

From the Model Worker.

LETTER FROM GERRIT SMITH,

PETERBORO, OCT. 2, 1848.

To the Editor of the Ram's Horn, New York.

I have this moment read the leading editorial in your paper of 22d ultimo. Accept my thanks for the very kind terms in which it speaks of me.

I am requested by you—1st, to solicit my friends to withdraw my nomination—2d, to vote for Mr. Van Buren.

That you are a coloured man and that your paper is devoted to the welfare of your oppressed race, do, indeed make me the more ready to show respect to these requests. Nevertheless, I can obey neither of them. In regard to one of them, I have but to say, that, inasmuch as my former petitions for the withdrawal of my nomination, were utterly vain, I can indulge no hope that a repetition of them would be attended with success. In respect to the other, I would say, that, while my personal relations with Mr. Van Buren have never been otherwise than agreeable and friendly—that while my business transactions with him have been characterized, on his part, with justice and liberality—and that while I have always ascribed to him very great intellectual abilities—I must, nevertheless, decline voting for him. I would, moreover, say that Mr. Van Buren's position, in respect to the extension of Slavery, is infinitely preferable to that of General Cass, or General Taylor; and that they, who pass by him to vote for them, give very poor evidence of being themselves sincerely opposed to the extension of Slavery.

One would have thought, that it were quite superfluous to explain to a coloured man, why I cannot vote for Mr. Van Buren. It, however, seems that it is not:—and, hence, I proceed to say, that Mr. Van Buren, for aught I know, differs, not essentially, from the mass of his countrymen in his views and treatment of the coloured people. He is making no efforts to deliver them from Slavery—or to obtain the acknowledgment of their right to participate in the choice of rulers—or to expel from the public heart that diabolical and murderous prejudice which denies to the coloured person his equal right in the school, in the house of worship, and in the various privileges, benefits, and blessings of society—which, in short, denies to him a place in the human brotherhood. Indeed, am I not at liberty to say that Mr. Van Buren is himself a subject of this prejudice?

Now, these things being true, you, certainly could not expect an impartial administration of the Government in the hands of Mr. Van Buren—an administration in which the coloured man would be regarded even as the white man. And these things being true, you, certainly, could not request a coloured man to do an act so wanting in self-respect and so self-degrading, as to vote for him? Think you, that because I am a white man, I can consent to be guilty of doing such a deep wrong to your race? I suppose, you were aware, that with me, all the varieties of the human family have equal rights, and that to my heart the coloured man is as dear, as any other man.

I well remember, that, on a certain occasion, when your spirit was rejoicing in my indentification with my coloured brethren, you exclaimed "Gerrit Smith is a *coloured* man!" It pleased me—perhaps flattered me—to be so called. But, were I now to vote for those, who acquiesce, and even take part, in the proscription and crushing of your race, I should forfeit the honourable and welcome name, which you accorded to me; and I should give proof, that, after all, I am but a *white* man. Be assured, that I can never consent to forfeit this name.—Possibly, there may be, here and there, a coloured man, so lost to self respect as to vote for persons who trample upon and despise *him*. Let such, if they will, vote as white men. I, on the contrary, must show, by my vote, that I am still "a *coloured* man."

Respectfully yours,
GERRIT SMITH.

EXCURSION TO CENTRAL NEW-YORK.

Br. E. D. Hudson and myself left Springfield, Mass., on the 4th of September, and proceeded rapidly by Railroad to Albany, and thence to Little Falls, where we halted till the next day. Thence we passed on to Herkimer, where we were met by a friend with a private conveyance, who took us to West Winfield. On Wednesday we attended the Anti-Slavery Fair, got up by a few devoted women in that and the neighbouring towns. It was held in a beautiful grove, and passed off creditably to its noble hearted and persevering managers. In the evening we held an Anti-Slavery meeting at the Baptist house. On Thursday, the 7th, an Anti Slavery gathering was held at the Presbyterian house in East Winfield; and in the evening a Non Resistance lecture at the Baptist house in West Winfield.

On Friday we were conveyed, in company with several warm hearted friends, 10 miles, to Litchfield, where we addressed the people, afternoon and evening, variously on the subjects of Slavery and war, in the Presbyterian house.

The next day our worthy and hospitable friends at Litchfield conveyed us 23 miles to Trenton, passing through Utica. At Trenton, Br. Hudson delivered Anti-Slavery addresses on Saturday and Sunday evenings. I occupied the Unitarian pulpit, with the cordial sympathy of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Buckingham, A. M. and P. M., on Sunday, discoursing on Practical Christianity to very attentive auditors.

The next day we spent several hours in viewing the wonders of the celebrated Trenton Falls—a grand and variegated spectacle, long to be remembered by every beholder.

Thence we were conveyed by the kind agency of our Trenton friends, some 15 or 18 miles, to Norway; where in the afternoon and evening we addressed the people in the Presbyterian house on Anti-Slavery and Christian Non Resistance. On Tuesday a devoted friend of the Reforms took us, by private conveyance, to Fairfield.—There we held three meetings in the Presbyterian house, discussing our favourite subjects of *liberty* and *peace*. On Wednesday the same kind friend forwarded us 8 miles, to Little Falls; where I spoke twice briefly in Alexander's Hall, on Christian Non Resistence.—Thence a kind friend conveyed us the same evening, 6 miles, to Newville. At that place, Thursday afternoon and evening, we addressed the people on War and Capital Punishment.

The next day, Friday, September 15th, we took leave of our friends, who sent us by private conveyance, 10 miles, to St. Johnsville. We were now once more on the great thoroughfare of travel, after a circuitous route of near a hundred miles, principally in Herkimer county. Taking the Railroad, we came on to Albany, and thence to West Springfield, the quiet residence of Br. Hudson. The next day I returned in health and safety to Hopedale; having been absent 16 days.

It would be pleasing to enter into detail, and allude to numerous particulars which interested me at every stage of this excursion. The friends with whom I formed an acquaintance, and by whom myself and fellow labourer were kindly entertained, the intellectual, moral and religious condition of the people,—the peculiar aspect of the country, its soil, productions and natural curiosities,—the manner in which our labours were received,—the political excitement which was sweeping over the public mind,—all these were prolific topics for reflection on which we should be happy to dilate, had we leisure and space. But we can only sketch a meagre outline of what we intended should be an interesting narrative.

How beneficial this visit will prove to the people among whom it was made, I will not presume to judge. I will hope for the best. But be this as it may, I shall retain a grateful remembrance of the warm-hearted *friends* who so cordially welcomed us to their hospitalities and facilitated our mission. The manifold blessings of the Highest be with them all, till I am permitted to interchange congratulations with them again, either in this or the future world.—*Practical Christian.*

From the Ashtabula Sentinel.

GENERAL TAYLOR AND THE FLORIDA SLAVES.

Since Mr. Corwin's speech, in which he eulogised the humanity of General Taylor for his letter to the Adjutant General of the United States, giving his views in regard to a certain transaction in slaves by the Government, we have heard many enquiries for the letter, and information concerning it. Conscious at the time, that Mr. Corwin was not familiar with the facts in the case, and that he laboured under a mistake in regard to some important parts of the transaction, we comply with the request of many of our subscribers by giving a short history of the matter.

Our readers are aware that the Florida war was undertaken and prosecuted for the purpose of recapturing fugitive slaves; and that every officer who acted in that campaign condescended to become a *slave catcher*. The Seminole Indians owned slaves, and two battalions of Creek Indians were employed by the Government to aid in carrying on this slave hunt. But it proved a difficult business; and on the 3d of August, 1837, General Jessup issued his order dated Fort Hirleman, in which he directed that "all Indian property hereafter captured will belong to the corps or detachment capturing it. Under this order the Creek battalions captured one hundred and three negroes, supposed to be the slaves of the Seminoles. These negroes had to be supported, and were otherwise a burthen to the army.

On the 9th of September, 1837, General Jessup issued *order No. 175*, dated at Tampa Bay, directing—1st.—That "the negroes captured should be taken on account of Government." 2d. That eight thousand dollars be paid to the Creek Chiefs and warriors by whom they were captured. These orders appear to have originated with General Jessup without directions either from the President or War Department, were subsequently approved. He then ordered the negroes to Fort Pike, and soon after left Florida.

At this point the regular history appears quite obscure, or rather no connected history can be obtained from the public documents. It certainly appears as though the money had been actually paid to the Creek Indians; yet on the 1st of May, 1838, the Commissioner on Indian affairs suggests to the Secretary of War that at the time when the public mind was so sensitive on the subject of Slavery, "any attempt to obtain an appropriation by Congress might place the country in no enviable attitude," and advised the Secretary of War to have the negroes delivered to the Creek Indians. This, it is believed, was done; for eight days thereafter the Commissioner on Indian affairs informed the Secretary of War, that the Creek delegation then in Washington had *sold* the negroes to James C. Watson, of Georgia, and requested, that orders may be issued to the commanding officer at Fort Pike near New Orleans, to Major Isaac Clark commanding at New Orleans, and to the commanding officer in Florida, directing them to deliver the negroes to Nathaniel F. Collins, the agent of the owner. These orders appear to have been transmitted by mail. Collins having also received a copy of these orders, repaired to Fort Pike, where he found the negroes in charge of Lieutenant Reynolds, who was to conduct them and the Indians captured with them, to the Indian country west of the Mississippi. He presented his orders to Reynolds, who nobly refused to surrender the negroes. To this humble Lieutenant unknown to fame belongs the principal glory of saving these people from degrading Slavery. Collins being thus foiled in his efforts to get the negroes, appealed to General Gaines who had command of that military district. This war-worn veteran declared that the negroes were held as *"prisoners of war,"* and not as slaves, and that he would never deliver them to any one except as prisoners. Collins next applied to one of the Judges of the State of Louisana, who granted a sequestration to hold the slaves until the cause should be heard. At the hearing General Gaines appeared and filed his defence, which is replete with sound logic and correct views of international law. The Judge decided against the claim of Watson, and the negroes were redelivered to Reynolds, by order of the court, and he proceeded on his way to the Indian country. He landed at Little Rock, the Capitol of Arkansas, where he was followed by Collins, still claiming the negroes. From thence by land, he marched his charge to their destined residence, and dismissed both Indians and negroes.

Collins then called on General Arbuckle, of the United States Army commanding in that region to aid him in obtaining the slaves; but that officer reported that it could not be done without bloodshed.

Another attempt was made by the officers of Government under John Tyler's administration to help Watson to get possession of the negroes, but it was found that such separation would involve the frontier in an Indian war, and it was given up. Since that, Watson and the officers of the Government have tried to induce Congress to pay Watson for these slaves, and a bill for that purpose is now pending before that body.

But the reader will ask, what had General Taylor to do with all this? We answer, nothing whatever, Mr. Corwin's praise and extravagant laudation of General Taylor on account of this transaction, was entirely misplaced. The slaves were never in his possession nor under his command. It appears that agreeably to the request of the Commissioner of Indian affairs, an order was sent by mail "to the commanding officer in Florida, as well as to the commanding officer at Fort Pike, and to Major Clark, commanding officer at New Orleans." This was done, as it appears for the purpose of insuring success in obtaining the slaves, the Commissioner on Indian affairs not knowing precisely where the slaves were. General Jessup, however, before he left Florida had sent the negroes to Fort Pike, situate below New Orleans. After this was done, General Jessup retired from Florida, and left the command of the troops to General Taylor: and he being the officer commanding in Florida received the order, but as he says in his letter, he knew nothing of the negroes in question, nor of the subject further than what was contained in the communication of the Secretary of War. We do not deny that he would have refused to deliver them up as Lieutenant Reynolds did had they been under his possession: but it is certain that he neither had possession of them nor did he refuse to deliver them up. The whole error of Mr. Corwin arose from the want of correct information on the subject.

We append a copy of General Taylor's letter; in order that all may read it. We would also add, that the last clause which pledges him to "take every means in his power to restore the fugitive slaves," is but a pledge to obey his orders, and to carry out the objects of the war, and ought not therefore to reflect so severely upon General Taylor's character. The following is a copy of the letter.

> "HEAD QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE SOUTH,
> Tampa, (Florida,) June 2, 1838.
>
> GENERAL:—I have the honour to acknowledge your communication of the 10th of May, 1838, accompanied by one of the 9th, from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, addressed to Captain Cooper, acting Secretary of War, on the subject of turning over certain negroes captured by the Creek Warriors in Florida, to a Mr. Collins, their agent, in compliance with an engagement of General Jessup. I know nothing of the negroes in question nor of the subject further than what is contained in the communication above referred to; but I must state distinctly for the information of all concerned, that while I still hold myself ever ready to do the utmost in my power to get the Indians and negroes out of Florida, as well as to remove to their new homes west of the Mississippi, I cannot for a moment consent to meddle in this transaction, or to be concerned for the benefit of Mr. Collins, the Creeks Indians, or any else; or to interfere in any way between the Indians and their negroes, which may have a tendency to deprive the former of their property, and reduce the latter from a comparative state of freedom to that of Slavery, at the same time I shall take every means to obtain and restore to his lawful owner, any slave among the Indians who has absconded or been captured by them.
>
> Very respectfully,
> I have the honour to be,
> General, your obedient servant,
> Z TAYLOR,
> Brev. Brig. Gen. U. S. A. C.
>
> GEN. R. JONES,
> Adj. Gen. U. S. A., Washington, D. C.

CAN SLAVERY BE EXTENDED?

The Hunkers assert that the Wilmot Proviso is unnecessary, because Slavery can never go into New Mexico and California unless established there by positive law. We commend to them the following decision showing what ground the slaveholders have assumed and mean to maintain.

The case was decided by the Supreme Court of Missouri, at the October term, 1847. We copy from the *Metropolitan*:

"*Charlotte (of colour) vs. Chouteau—Appeal from Circuit Court—Reversed.*

"1. "Slavery may exist without any positive law authorising it.

2. "The existence of Slavery in fact is presumptive evidence of its legality.

"3. It is not necessary to show any general custom in a country of holding negroes in Slavery to prove its legality. If it be found to exist in fact, even to a limited extent, and no positive law prohibiting it be shown, it will be deemed legal.

"4. It is not the policy of the slave State to favour the liberation of negroes."

These are the pro slavery doctrines, and who doubts that they would be held by any judges whom General Taylor or General Cass might appoint, or that they would be sustained by a majority of the judges of the Supreme Court? In view, however, of this difference of opinion among distinguished jurists, the plain, honest, common-sense mode of settling the questions, is by a positive act of Congress.

The South has already begun to move in the matter, and means to get Slavery into New Mexico by a juggle in which she has both Polk and Cass on her side. Read the following:

SLAVERY IN NEW MEXICO.—We learn from the Fayette (Howard county) Times that Judge Beard and family, of Texas, passed up the river last week, on his way to New Mexico. He goes out by authority of the Governor of Texas, as Judge of New Mexico. Texas intends, we suppose, to assert her paper title, and the confession of President Polk, in support of her claim to the land and jurisdiction of that portion of the country known as New Mexico. If successful in establishing her right as possibly may be the case—President Polk having already acknowledged it—the introduction of Slavery goes with it. This is a condition of things which the Northern folks do not seem have considered, although the President doubtless did, when he recognized the right of Texas to the soil and jurisdiction, upon the shabbiest pretext that ever governed a statesman in so important a matter.—*St. Louis Rep.*

It has often been said that Slavery could not exist in California on account of the unsuitableness of the climate to slave labour. Now every one knows that of all employments in the world, *mining* is the one in which slaves can be employed most safely and profitably, even in a cold or temperate climate; and the recent news from California showing that Gold mines, inexhaustible in their stores of wealth, have just been discovered, and that all California has gone out to work them, proves that mining is going to be a principal business of that country, and that it will be every way suited therefore to slave labour.

Do not let us deceive ourselves with the notion that there is no danger. There is the greatest possible danger, and the Wilmot Proviso is the only means of safety left us.—*Cayuga New Era.*

From the Evening Post.

CASS-ISM MADE EASY.

The following is an extract from a work said to be in course of preparation, and designed for the district schools of Michigan. It is entitled "Views of General Cass on Internal Improvements, for new beginners, with questions and answers adapted to the comprehension of the most tender minds, illustrated with copious notes, and a portrait of the General as he appeared when addressing the citizens of Cleveland, with the 'noise and confusion' which reigned over that memorable scene in perspective."

The thoroughness with which the editor has discharged his duty may be inferred from the passages which follow:

Q.	What did General Cass call the man who invited him to the Chicago Internal Improvement Convention?
A.	Dear sir.
Q.	Why did he call him "dear sir?"
A.	Probably because the postage was not paid.
Q.	What effect did General Cass say the invitation had upon him?
A.	He said it obliged him very much.
Q.	How did it oblige him?
A.	It obliged him to pay the postage.
Q.	Did he go to the Convention?
A.	No.
Q.	What prevented him?
A.	His circumstances.
Q.	What had his circumstances to do with his going to the Convention?
A.	They had everything to do with it.
Q.	How did they have everything to do with it?
A.	They put it out of his power to be present.
Q.	How did they put it out of his power to be present?
A.	In a great many ways.
Q.	What did General Cass say he was?
A.	He said he was "Dear sir, respectfully yours."
Q.	Why did he say he was "dear?"
A.	He did not mean to pay the postage on his letter, which he knew would be dear if anything had to be paid for it?
Q.	Had he any other reason for calling himself "dear?"
A.	Yes; he was held very cheap by his countrymen, and he wished to correct the impression.
Q.	Did he succeed?
A.	Yes; after that letter they thought him dear at any price.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1848.

The Amistad Case.

As we published last week the statement of Mr. Gilpin in the matter of the Amistad negroes, we give on the first page of this week's issue that made at the time by Joshua Leavitt, one of the Committee of Vigilance who had it in charge to protect the rights of those strangers when thrown upon our shores. On a comparison of the two documents, the material difference seems to be in the manner of making the statement, rather than in the matter of it. Mr. Gilpin asserts Mr. Van Buren's motive to have been simply to secure the ends of justice, and details the successive steps taken for that purpose. Mr. Leavitt relates the measures which were adopted, and deduces from them the determination of the President to deliver the negroes into the hands of the Spanish authorities. Both parties are agreed as to the main facts; the important question is what was the motive of the Executive in the course he saw fit to pursue? This is to be seen, mainly, in the final steps taken—in the issuing of the warrant to the Marshal of Connecticut, and the appeal afterward from an Inferior to the Supreme Court of the United States.

There is certainly nothing in the Constitution and Laws of the United States, bad as they are, which compels the Government to use a United States vessel in the transportation of captured fugitive slaves from within our borders to the place whence they escaped. It is bad enough to be compelled by Treaty to render up such fugitives on demand, or on proof shown of their being slaves; bad enough that the Government consents to be a slave-catcher, without volunteering to be a slave-driver also, and to take home at its own cost and charges, by ship loads, or in coffles, all the poor wretches that may seek an asylum in this country. Even in the case of slaves escaping from one State to another of the Union, all that the Constitution requires is that the fugitive shall be *"delivered up"*—not *sent back;* and certainly the Federal Government is not bound to do more for slaveholding Cuba, than New York is for her slaveholding sister, Virginia. Mr. Van Buren's assent, therefore, to the request of the Spanish Minister for a United States vessel, in which to transport the captives of the Amistad to Cuba, was an act of gratuitous courtesy, to call it by no harsher name, and plainly indicated, on the part of the President, a willingness to use his official power in behalf of the slave-traders. Nor is the fact, dwelt upon at some length by Mr. Gilpin, that the warrant was not to be used except in case of a decision of the Court of Connecticut in favour of the Spanish claimants, of the slightest weight. It was never pretended that Mr. Van Buren did, or would, venture to authorize Lieutenant Paine to seize the negroes, *vi et armis*, in spite of, or in the absence of any legal decision of the case. The offence was that he was willing to prostitute the power of the Government to assist these foreign slave-traders when the law had done all that they had a legal right to ask, and not that he proposed to aid them in setting the law at defiance. The "Grampus" was not absolutely sent on a kidnapping expedition.

But the purpose of the warrant was foiled by the decree of the Court in favour of the negroes. They would at once have been set at liberty without undergoing the danger of another trial, but for an appeal to the Supreme Court; and this appeal, and the consequent danger to their liberties, the President might have prevented, if he would, and, under the sanction of a judicial decision, have used his official power for a humane and noble purpose. He chose another course. And why? It is deemed a sufficient reply by Mr. Gilpin, to state that inasmuch as the Court directed the delivery of the negroes to the Executive to be sent to Africa, and as this was not warranted by the laws of the United States, that therefore, for a reversal of this decree, an appeal was "absolutely necessary."

Suppose the decision of the Court had been the other way. Mr. Van Buren volunteered, of his own will, to order a United States vessel to take the *slaves* to Cuba, though certainly no law required such interference on his part. No appeal was thought of then to save the men from bondage; it was only when they were to be returned to freedom that the President remembered his Constitutional scruples. It was a duty to send SLAVES to Cuba, and give armed protection to their masters; but unconstitutional to return FREEMEN to Africa, who had been stolen by pirates, and asked for justice and clarity at our hands! Is not this monstrous?

But the appeal was proper, says Mr. Gilpin, on other grounds. These he states at length, and they amount to this: that as the case was one between a Foreign Power and the United States, in which the Executive had declined to act except through the judicial tribunals of the country; as the decision was of a lower court, and contrary to the view of the case taken by the Spanish Minister; and as the Executive had the right, as was established by argument at the trial, to make the appeal to a higher Court, he was bound in honour and duty so to do.

Such reasons are no more sufficient to exonerate Mr. Van Buren than that first advanced by Mr. Gilpin, and to which we have just alluded. On the contrary, they only make it the more evident that the President was determined that the captives should be returned to the Spanish claimants if any tribunal in the country could be found to authorize the deed. We know that the "Grampus" was off the coast, and that the commander carried in his pocket a warrant for receiving the negroes, in case the decision of the court should be against them, which would effectually bar all further proceedings, should any have been made in their behalf. And it was the President who took upon himself to cut off, in that contingency, all hope of a counter decision by the Supreme Court. [illegible] could appeal in behalf of the slave claimants; but destroy the possibility of an appeal in [illegible] ledged slaves who asked for liberty. The decision of a lower court was not to be submitted to, if it could be avoided, when in favour of freedom; but when it consigned to bondage, and perhaps the felon's death, men who claimed to be free, the possibility that that decision might be reversed by a higher court, was to be carefully guarded against. Everything that slaveholders could ask was granted in courtesy to a Foreign Minister; nothing was given in the spirit of humanity and liberty to the foreigners who asked only justice at the hands of the American people. In short, no special pleading, however ingenious, will ever make it appear to honest men of common sense, that Mr. Van Buren's whole course in this transaction was not calculated to render all possible aid to the Spaniards, Ruiz and Montes, and to throw every obstacle in the way in the efforts of the captives of the Amistad to regain their freedom. Mr. Leavitt's review of the whole case is far more reliable than Mr. Gilpin's, nor does the latter bring to light any new facts which can make the whole matter appear one whit less odious than it did originally to every Abolitionist in the land. Whether Mr. Leavitt himself, now the General Agent of the Van Buren party in Massachusetts, would take back the statement he made in '39 is of no consequence. We place far more reliance upon that gentleman's ability than upon his integrity, and accept his statement of this transaction, because we know the facts upon which it is predicated; and the nature of these facts are by no means changed because the narrator of them has become an active partisan of the man on whose tombstone, he said nine years ago, they should be engraved, to rot only with his memory.

We are by no means hostile to the Free Soil party; on the contrary we think we have given pretty good evidence of our wishes for its success. We are not willing, however, to see the history of the Anti-Slavery cause falsified before our eyes, for in so doing we consent to the condemnation of our past course. The Abolitionists were right in the hearty condemnation which they bestowed upon Mr. Van Buren's attempt to return the Amistad captives to the Spanish pirates who claimed them as their slaves, and we should be untrue to ourselves and the cause we advocate, did we forget it, now that his relative position to that cause is somewhat changed. We have no doubt that he repents most heartily of that and some other things which he has done to conciliate the slave power, but that is no reason why the facts themselves should be falsified. So far as we respect him now it is because he has changed, and not because he was right then, or because we misunderstood his position. The Free Soilers are "running the thing into the ground" when they endeavour to persuade the old Abolitionists that they have been unjust to Mr. Van Buren in former years, and that on this question of Anti-Slavery he has always been immaculate. It is far wiser to base his claims to the support of all who are opposed to the extension of Slavery, on his present repentance, rather than upon his past virtues. They had better "let bygones be bygones." The less that is said of his past life the better. Let them show, if they can, that the leopard has changed his spots—that the Æthiopian has changed his skin; it is vain to waste time in attempts to prove that the beast was never spotted, that the man was never a blackamoor.

The Day of Small Things.

Sometime afterward, it was reported to me, by the city officers, that they had ferretted out the paper and its editor; that his office was an obscure hole, his only visible auxiliary a negro boy, and his supporters a few very insignificant persons of all colours.—*H. G. Otis's Letter.*

In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young man;
The place was dark, unfurnitured, and mean;—
Yet there the freedom of a race began.

Help came but slowly; surely no man yet
Put lever to the heavy world with less;
What need of help? He knew how types were set,
He had a dauntless spirit and a press.

Such earnest natures are the fiery pith,
The compact nucleus, round which systems grow:
Mass after mass becomes inspired therewith,
And whirls impregnate with the central glow.

Oh, Truth! Oh, Freedom! how are ye still born
In the rude stable, in the manger nurst!
What humble hands unbar those gates of morn
Through which the splendours of the New Day burst!

What! shall one monk, scarce known beyond his cell,
Front Rome's far-reaching bolts, and scorn her frown?
Brave Luther answered YES; that thunder's swell
Rocked Europe, and discharmed the triple crown.

Whatever can be known of earth, we know,
Sneered Europe's wisemen in their snailshells curled;
No, said one man in Genoa, and that No
Out of the dark created this new world.

Who is it will not dare himself to trust?
Who is it hath not strength to stand alone?
Who is it thwarts and bilks the inward MUST?
He and his works, like sand, from earth are blown.

Men of a thousand shifts and wiles, look here,
See one straightforward conscience put in pawn
To win a world; see the obedient sphere
By bravery's simple gravitation drawn!

Shall we not heed the lesson taught of old,
And by the Present's lips repeated still,
In our own single manhood to be bold,
Fortressed in conscience and impregnable will?

We stride the river daily at its spring,
Nor, in our childish thoughtlessness, foresee
What myriad vassal streams shall tribute bring,
How like an equal it shall greet the sea.

Oh! small beginnings, ye are great and strong,
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain!
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
Ye earn the crown and wear it not in vain.

J. R. L.

The Tribune and the Irish Rebellion.

An esteemed correspondent inquires of us in a private letter, the grounds for our assertion in a recent article upon the political summerset of Horace Greeley, that the *Tribune* had been instrumental in "wringing" from the poor Irish of this city, their hard-earned dollars by forged accounts of battles at home." Our correspondent thinks the charge so serious a one that it requires explanation, nor would we have made the allusion without stating the facts at length, had we not supposed them to be so notorious that a reference merely would be understood.

Our correspondent remembers doubtless, as he reads the *Tribune*, the "Slievenamon letter," published in that paper a few weeks since. But we presume he is not aware of the great excitement it caused in the Irish party here. It was published on the day, or the day after the arrival of the steamer, and conflicted in the most extraordinary manner with the news received by her from over there. Her intelligence was looked for with the greatest anxiety, especially by the Irish, who were hoping to hear of the commencement of civil war in the land of their birth. The lever of excitement had been raised to the highest point, by the inflammatory harangues of the speakers at the immense and enthusiastic meetings which had been held for some time previous, and by the news by the preceding steamer, of some overt acts of rebellion, and skirmishes with the police in Ireland. The probability that actual rebellion would immediately take place was already enough, but the orators at the sympathy meetings did not wait for power and eloquence to arouse the Irish of New York to the most extravagant expectations. They poured out their money with lavish generosity, and were equally ready to pour out their blood when the moment should come for that which was necessary for the liberty of their countrymen at home. In our own quiet neighbourhood, half a dozen miles from town, the labouring people among the poor Irish,—servants and day-labourers—had their nightly meetings, and gave of their scanty earnings for the cause, and the unmarried men had nightly drills, ready to go any emergency, or any expedition—Heaven only knows what,—in which they might be called.

This was the state of feeling when the "Slievenamon letter" was published in the *Tribune*—the chief, and almost the only paper in the city, which contributed to arouse the people to this mad excitement. The news by the steamer was peaceful. The Irish and the English press, and private letters all agreed that there was no rebellion in Ireland. Irish patriotism was sadly down in the mouth, and the public declaimers upon Saxon tyranny, and Irish wrongs, were in the unfortunate predicament of having nothing to talk about. Unless the steamer's news could be falsified in some way, the game was up. A great meeting was to be held that night, and clearly the only rational thing that could be done at it was for each man to look his neighbour in the face, and frankly confess that they had been made, or had made of themselves a pack of unmitigated "judys." But in the Morning *Tribune* appeared—Heaven be praised! the wonderful letter from Dublin, containing the wonderful news of a tremendous battle, in which, we know not how many "bloody Saxons" had been made to bite the dust, and where the first decisive blow had been struck for Irish Independence, and for the effectual humiliation of haughty England. The letter was so palpably a hoax or a lie that the marvel was that any man could be found so weak as to believe it, or any paper so wicked as to give it publicity. True the *Tribune* reminded its readers that it contradicted all the accounts received from other sources, but it was nevertheless, set forth in all the blazonry of staring capitals, and rows of notes of admiration; and it was furthermore stated to have eluded the vigilance of the British Government, which had its own ends to gain in suppressing all knowledge of such a tremendous reverse of its arms, and resorted, so it was insinuated, not only to binding railway passengers to secrecy by solemn oaths, but to rifling mail-bags and opening letters. We happened to receive by that same mail two letters from Dublin, with their seals unbroken, and the *Tribune* might have easily satisfied itself that thousands of letters came by the same steamer from England and Ireland, upon which no attempt had been made to learn their contents. The thing was an absurdity upon the very face of it. It was a moral impossibility that any such battle could have been fought without its being communicated in a thousand ways to thousands of people in this country. But the letter answered its purpose. It was read at the meeting that night; it served to feed the excitement, and brought the "hard earned" dollars fast and thick into the Treasury of the Irish Committee, from the poor creatures who knew no better than to believe what they so longed to hear, and had not the means to examine the evidence of the extravagant assertions made by their unprincipled leaders. A little incident at that evening's meeting is worth mentioning. A breathless messenger came rushing in at the proper moment, and announced, in hot haste, that the "Sarah Sands" was below, and had brought full confirmation of the "Slievenamon letter." We do not suppose that the editor of the *Tribune* had anything to do with this part of the performances, but it was a part of the game, and had its due effect.

Such is a brief history of the *Tribune's* "Slievenamon letter." That paper is responsible for it, at least, till it can show that it was itself—which is incredible—the dupe of a hoax which would have been unparalleled for its stupidity, had it not by its publication in a respectable print, become a swindle unequalled for its boldness and success. The "dollars," which the Irish Committee had called upon the sympathisers to contribute " and ask no questions," are still in the hands of that Committee, or at least are unaccounted for; and of that Committee Mr. Greeley is one.

Our correspondent, we trust, is satisfied with this explanation.

ELECTION NEWS.—Within the last week the State elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania, have been held and have both probably terminated contrary to the calculations of the politicians. Pennsylvania hitherto loco foco has gone for the Whigs, and Ohio counted as a Whig State has fallen into the hands of the loco-focos. Such to-day is the aspect of things. The news up to this present writing—Tuesday morning—has been received by Telegraph; and that wonderful invention has so contradicted itself at every tick that nobody could be surprised if the returns before night should give a limited monarchy to Ohio, and have made of Pennsylvania an Empire. Should any reliable news be received before we go to press we shall mention it; if not our readers—those who care anything about it—may be assured that there has been an election in Ohio and Pennsylvania, and that either somebody is chosen, or there is no choice by the people—the Telegraph is not sure which.

LOUISVILLE EXAMINER.—We call attention to the Prospectus of the *Louisville Examiner* in another column and I wish it were in our power to add to it something which would enforce its claims upon the Anti-Slavery public. As the only Anti-Slavery paper South of Mason & Dixon's Line, even were it a poor one,—so it was of any service—it should be sustained. But the *Examiner* is not of that sort. It is not only Anti-Slavery, but Anti-Slavery of a sterling kind, and is doing a good work for the slave in Kentucky. It wisely eschews politics, and though it brings the subject before its readers in every possible light, like the American Society, it makes the platform of the cause one on which all men can stand of however varying views, provided they agree on the one point—that Slavery is wrong, and should be abolished. The *Examiner* is also in every other respect an interesting and well-conducted paper. Its literary character is of a high order, its tone on all subjects manly and just. It cannot, we know, be supported by its circulation in Kentucky, and should therefore receive sympathy and aid in the substantial form of subscription money from the North.

Mr. Vaughan, who has been for some time past connected with it as corresponding editor, announces in the last number that he retires from a position, which was, in fact, merely nominal.

☞ A correspondent of the (Boston) *Christian World*, advocating the election of Taylor, complains that some one who opposes him in the same paper "has repeated appeals to 'Christian principle,' 'Christian morality. &c." He asks: "Is this in good taste?" We are surprised that he should condescend even to put the question. Good taste indeed! He might ask is it good manners. The impertinence of throwing 'Christian principles,' and 'Christian morality' in the face of a man who is electioneering for 'old Zack'!

LITERATURE IN ARKANSAS.—An esteemed Correspondent in Philadelphia forwards us an advertisement of a book store at Little Rock, cut from the *Arkansas State Gazette*. He regrets that the statement should have appeared in the *Standard*, "that there is not a book store in Arkansas." We do not remember that any such statement has appeared in our columns, but if it has we thank our friend for correcting it, and rejoice with him that there is one place where the few Arkansas people who can read and write may find books, ink, and paper.

☞ THE LITERARY WORLD, the only newspaper of its kind in this country, and of far more value than all the "yaller kivered monthlies" put together, has passed from the hands of Mr. Hoffman, into those of Messrs. E. A. & G. L. Duyckinck, as editors and proprietors.—Mr. E. A. Duyckinck was the first editor of the *World*, and under its new auspices we look for no decrease of interest or value in its columns.

JAMES G. BIRNEY.—Mr. Birney, who has not been heard of for some two or three years past, even in that small segment of the political world known as the Liberty Party, has at length defined his position. Unlike most of his old associates, he holds on to the Liberty Party organization, and repudiates the transfer of the party to the Free Soilers. He gives his support to the Gerrit Smith Party, which recently held a Convention at Rochester, Michigan, and adopted, among others, the following resolution:—

"That as Zachary Taylor, Lewis Cass, and Martin Van Buren have, by their works, (the only index of character,) shown themselves to be NOT lovers and doers of righteousness, and hence not the representatives of God, and as we cannot aid in their elevation to the seat of God's ministers without perpetrating unrighteousness, we will use our influence to place in the Presidential Chair of these United States, Gerrit Smith, whose elevation to that responsible station would do more for the overthrow of wrong and the establishment of a righteous Government than has any other event since the achievement of American Independence."

Mr. Birney heads the electoral ticket, as elector at large.

A CAUSE OF WAR.—The *New York Herald*, the most popular, and most widely circulated paper in this enlightened and eminently moral community, declares that it will be the duty of the Taylor Party, in case it shall come into power, to ascertain what are the opinions of the British Government of the present day on the question of Sailors' Rights. It is by no means certain, the *Herald* thinks, that the *licking* which John Bull got some thirty-five years ago brought him to a proper frame of mind on that subject. It is not pretended that this heresy, if he is guilty of it, is carried into practice, but nevertheless if he has the temerity to have any such improper abstract notions, it is high time he was licked over again and brought to *his* senses. We entirely approve of the suggestion. Brother Jonathan, while he is extending Slavery over the territory he can rob from his weak neighbours, would be very characteristically employed in ruining a few of the Northern States in a war to right wrongs that do not exist, and defend a class of the people whom nobody ever thinks of molesting.

TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN GREAT BRITAIN.—The Secretary of the American Temperance Union announces the passage of a law through both houses of the British Parliament, prohibiting the sale of all intoxicating liquors on Sunday mornings and forenoons, throughout the kingdom. This movement is certainly a very important one, as nobody now in England can get drunk on the Lord's day till after dinner. Those who are careful to see that their stock of liquor is replenished on week days, probably will not be meddled with, if they are muddled in the forenoon; but as such persons are of the genteel class, who are not obliged to buy their gin by the glass, the law will conduce to domestic and social comfort, by increasing the number of those who will keep drunk, and keep, at least, half a Sunday at home, at the same time.

Domestic Correspondence.

Letter from Pennsylvania.

Interesting political Phenomena—Conjunction of Northern and Southern Luminaries in Pennsylvania—Ex-Governor Seward of New York, and Mr. Duncan of Mississippi—Interesting Study in the matter of Affinities—Reversal of a Rule—Qualifications of General Taylor for the Presidency—Convertible phrases—Different Conclusions—Great discrimination of the American people—The Southern Luminary sheds light but not warmth—The Ex-Governor's debut before a Pennsylvania audience—Remarkable disclosures made by that gentleman—His ingratitude and effrontery—Competition between the Cass-men and Taylorites—Holy horror of the Taylorites—An example in Confirmation of one of their opinions—The Liberty Party—Its present condition—Remarkable expansion—Aspirations—New Daily in Philadelphia—Accession of Mr. Oliver Johnson to the editorial corps of that city—The Quakers of Pennsylvania, &c., &c.

SCHUYLKILL, CHESTER CO., PA., OCT. 8th, 1848.

The recent breaking up of old political parties and the formation of new ones has presented us with some strange disclosures and various phenomena highly interesting to the reflecting observer, though in many instances, it must be confessed, rather confirming one's foregone conclusions than throwing any new light on individual character or the animus of parties. The case of Horace Greely is decidedly in point. Of the same class too, is the appearance in Pennsylvania of Ex-Governor Seward, of your State, as a stump-orator, in company with a Mr. or General Duncan, of Mississippi, a personal friend of General Taylor, and an advocate of his election to the Presidency. This singular conjunction took place yesterday in a grove a few miles from this place. I was prevented by my engagements from attending the meeting, but judging from what I have since learned from one who was present, the whole affair must have presented quite a study to those who are curious in the matter of affinities. It is certainly one of those cases which confirm every sensible man in the opinion of the rightfulness of reversing, with regard to politicians, at least, the rule which is supposed to hold good in all other cases,—that of presuming a man to be honest until his dishonesty is proven. Mr. Duncan (it distresses me infinitely that I cannot, with certain propriety give him the military title,) was the first speaker, and in an argument of some length, set forth "Zack's" claim to the support of the numerous animals in the North whose specific distinctive is an unusual length of the ear. Among the reasons which he assigned for the belief that was in him, the principal was to be found in the fact that the said Zack possessed the most extraordinary qualifications for "giving the Mexicans grape"—a more elegant, and to the pious, a less startling expression, than a certain famous one of the General's own, which will at once occur to you. There were those present, however, who dissented entirely from this conclusion, giving the decided preference to the General's well-known propensity for buying men, women, and children, and working them up on his Mississippi plantation. Judging from the statement of my informant, that noble spirit of patriotism which has been the means of elevating into office many illustrious individuals, honoured with military titles, (it is curious to observe, and creditable to the discrimination of the great American people, that so admirable a proportion is always maintained between the grade of merit and the office connected with it as a reward—the pillager of cities is made President, while the captain of a company is transformed into the mere constable,) I say the spirit of patriotism seemed to be sadly deficient on this occasion—the remarks of the gentleman from Mississippi were received with a singular absence of anything like enthusiasm.

Then came the Ex-Governor. To those who knew anything of his action while Executor of the State of New York, his appearance as a speaker at a Taylor meeting must have caused a most singular feeling of surprise. He consumed the greater part of the time alloted to him in proving to the astonished audience that the nation was governed by an aristocracy of slaveholders, whose grand object was to strengthen and extend the "domestic institution" over the free soil of Mexico, and such other territory as we could succeed in robbing our neighbours of—that the Northern people had but to will it, in order to be free from the dominion of this handful of petty tyrants, and, to crown the climax (oh, ingratitude unheard-of in a stump-orator to an admiring audience!) declared that the cause of this lamentable state of things was to be found in the fact that the use of the elective franchise in this country, (I believe he had the effrontery to be especial with regard to the inhabitants of Pennsylvania,) preceded that intellectual culture and consequent expansion of mind which rendered it a privilege worth the having. Here was grape with a vengeance! tenfold worse than that of the Mississipian.

Throughout the State the Cass men and Taylorites seem to be striving which party shall outdo the other in bringing the question of Slavery before the people. It is a source of sincere congratulation that means so unworthy can be made subservient in carrying out the grand design of sweeping every vestige of human Slavery utterly and forever from the face of this Continent.

The friends of General Taylor, who has so distinguished himself by his remarkably honest and explicit replies with reference to his opinions on the Slavery question, are infinitely shocked with a retrospective view of Mr. Van Buren's influence in corrupting the politics of the country, and manifest the most unusual horror in regard to the extent of its effects. Such as coincide with them on this point may find a remarkable confirmation of their belief in the case of the Whig Party—if one may be allowed the expression. A more utterly worthless and unprincipled organization was probably never presented to the view of the civilized world.

I have seen no obituary of the Liberty Party as organized for this region, and I am not positively certain that it has yet given up the ghost. Your benevolence will find solace in the fact that its dissolution (which must, in the nature of things, take place speedily,) will not be painful—it has for a long time *lain very low*, and the transition will be easy. I believe the members of the party have generally, (in anticipation of its demise) as I know some of its prominent advocates have, gone over to the Free Soil Party, of which "the great Anti-Slavery instrumentality" has assumed the cognomen, "and proud of the name, as the Living Skeleton said, when they showed him." Their favourite mode of accounting for the transformation, I believe, is the principle of expansion—the Free Soil party is merely an expansion of the Liberty Party;—certainly one of the most remarkable of which we have any account, either moral or physical. With respect to the party in general, let us hope that their very natural aspiration after "clean shirts" (*vide* the "Streak Letter,") is at length about to be in a measure gratified.

I learn that Mr. Oliver Johnson, of whose faithfulness to the Anti-Slavery cause we have had so good evidence, is about to be connected with a new daily in the city, called *The Republic*, to be independent of the influence of Slavery. Such a journal is a desideratum of which we have long felt the need, and Mr. Johnson's accession to the editorial corps of Philadelphia, will be greeted by every Abolitionist with pleasure, as an earnest of something more fair and manly than it has ever been our lot to meet with in a Philadelphia daily.

Notwithstanding the opportunity of voting for free soil now afforded to those who, professing to be opposed to Slavery, and desirous of giving their *influence against* the system, are yet not prepared to take their stand by one side on the ground of No Union with Slaveholders, the majority of the Quakers of this region will, there can be little doubt, cast their votes for General Taylor. I observe you have transferred to your columns an account of a recent outrage committed against freedom of speech, in the person of a member, by one of the Philadelphia meetings. This is but one among many instances in which elders of that meeting engaged in

> "The cotton trade,
> And sugar line;"

and who can endure with eminent composure of spirit the most violent attacks upon Abolitionists, have shown their hatred of genuine Anti-Slavery. The society has been greatly "exercised" with reference to this question of Slavery, but unluckily never *exorcised*. It cannot, certainly, hold together much longer.—Yours, as ever,

H. W. G.

Foreign Intelligence.

Seven Days Later

FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE BRITANNIA.

The Steamship Britannia arrived at this port on Tuesday. She sailed from Liverpool on the 30th of Sept. and had a passage of seventeen days.

The rumour of the death of Lord George Bentinck, which reached here by the last steamer, is confirmed by the papers received by the Britannia.

The cholera has reached England.

The *Eastern Counties Herald* (Hull) says,: "Three cases of cholera have occurred on board of a vessel now lying at this port. When first the statement reached us, we were disposed to regard it as one of many rumours on the same subject which have from time to time prevailed within the few weeks past. A careful inquiry, however, has satisfied us that the present are *bona fide* cases of cholera."

The Government had subjected the vessel to a rigid quarantine.

The trial of the Chartists is in progress before the Central Criminal Court.

The Irish State trials have commenced at Clonmel, but excite very little interest. Mr. O'Brien was attended by his mother, wife, and some other members of his family. The prisoners were William Smith O'Brien, Terence Bellew M'Manus, James Orchard, Denis Tighe, Paterick O'Donnell.

Mr. Killeby, the editor of the *Waterford Chronicle* has been arrested for high treason. Two young ladies Miss Eliza Power and Miss Ryan, were also arrested near Carrick-on-Suir, and committed to Clonmel jail on the charge of being engaged in treasonable practices. They are accused of having harboured the brother of the latter, and Mr. O'Mahony. Miss Power was armed.

Prince Louie Napoleon has taken his seat in the French Assembly. His appearance in the street is greeted with some enthusiasm by the people. Any public reception of him, however, on his arrival was forbidden by Cavaignac. M. Raspail is still in prison whence he has issued an exciting address.

Ledru Rollin has delivered a speech in the Assembly in which he demanded judicial measures for the relief of the people, in the name of Republicanism, however and not of Socialism.

In Spain fighting continues between the royalist forces and those of Carrare. The Duchess of Montpensier has given birth to a daughter.

There is no news of any importance from Italy.

Vienna is reported as quiet, but the affairs of Hungary and Croatia excite the liveliest apprehensions there. Jellachich, an Illyrian by birth, having been appointed Ban of Croatia has made himself exceedingly popular among the people, and is reported as the head of a large army. It is probable that war has broken out between the Croats under this new chief, and the Hungarians under Count Zichy.

A new Ministry has been formed at Berlin by the King.

News Items.

Rev. Caleb Stetson of Medford has been nominated as the Van Buren candidate for Congress in the 2d district.

Poetry and Politics.—N. P. Willis is writing Taylor political songs—and Percival, the poet, is about to make political stump speeches.

A Black Man was whipped and otherwise injured, some weeks since, for delivering up a runaway slave to his master, on the Monongahela Bridge. It is now stated that the slave died in the hands of his captors, resisting to the last.

The Buffalo Hunt.—Captain Besancon, who went with two hundred men to Corpus Christi, to co-operate with Colonel Kinney's expected Sierra Madre movement, but found that no movement was to be made, returned with his disappointed followers to New Orleans on the 3d inst.

Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, one of the proprietors and junior editor of the late "Dublin Nation," who was obliged to quit Dublin at the time of the suspension of the habeas corpus act in July last, and for whose head the British Government had set a large price, arrived at Philadelphia on Tuesday.

Louisiana.—General FELIX HOUSTON of East Feliciana, a member of the Baltimore Convention that nominated Mr. Cass, has, we are informed on the best authority, declared that on sober second thought he cannot support the nominee.—*Baton Rouge Gazette.*

Mr. Wm. P. Van Rensselaer, the patroon of the county of Rensselaer, has made an assignment of his property for the benefit of his creditors to his agent, Mr. J. Bell of Bath, and Messrs. A. White and C. Lanning of Albany. So says the *Freeholder*.

Langfeldt.—This unfortunate individual is to be executed in Philadelphia on Friday next. He still persists in his innocence.

On Hand.—The "Daily Signal," Boston, in a leading article proposes the following ticket for 1852; President, ABBOTT LAWRENCE, of Massachusetts; Vice President, WILLIAM S. ARCHER, of Virginia.

Santa Anna's Movements in Jamaica look suspicious. He has been despatching an agent to Mexico, and announces his intention to proceed to South America. It is supposed that he has formed a union with Parades, and intends getting up another revolution in Mexico.

A Verdict of Eight Thousand Dollars was given last week in the Circuit Court at Newburg, N. Y. to Gilbert W. Oliver, against the New York and Erie Rail Road Company, for injuries sustained by him some years ago, by an accident which made him a cripple for life. The accident was caused by a defect in one of the wheels, which broke, and the cars were thrown into a gully.

A Petition to the President of the United States, says the Sun, dated 25th August last, has been forwarded from Gaudaloupe, praying that an American vessel or vessels may be placed at the disposal of the white inhabitants of that island, for the purpose of conveying them to the United States. The late French revolution, followed by the abolition of Slavery, has made it unsafe for the whites to reside there, but they are entirely destitute, and unable to defray the expenses of their emigration. A precedent for the course they suggest may be found in the case of the white population of Hayti.

The California Gold.—We were yesterday visited by a gentleman who has been for many years a conductor of gold mines in Mexico. He examined our specimen, and then informed us that he had travelled over a large portion of the Sacramento region in search of gold mines, described the evidences he found, and concluded by assuring us, that after spending $5,000 in experiments and attempts at discoveries, he came out minus the investment. This is one side, our readers may compare it with the other.—*St. Louis Rep.*

Stampede Frustrated.—We learn that about forty negroes had made arrangements to leave their masters in Woodford County on Saturday night last, but the plot was discovered just in time to defeat its execution. The negroes all had free passes. According to the plan of operations, each was to steal a horse and cross the Ohio river before day. They were betrayed by a negro to whom the plot was disclosed, and who was requested to join in it. The negroes stated that two or three white men who had been in the neighbourhood some days, furnished them with free passes. These men got an intimation of the discovery of the plot, and made their escape.—*Louisville Journal.*

Murder.—Adam S. Camp, a planter of Spartanburg, Georgia, was shot dead, a few days since, by his overseer, Joseph Glenn. Mr. Camp was riding with a party, among whom were his wife, daughter and brother, and was shot on his horse, the overseer being posted in a corn-crib, some thirty yards distant. The anguish and horror of the murdered man's companions may be faintly imagined. The paper from which we take this account says nothing of the probable motive for the crime, but as the murderer gave himself up to justice, it is presumed that he had, or fancied he had some great wrong to avenge—*Commercial Adv.*

Arrival of the Cochituate Water in Boston.—On Saturday about two o'clock in the afternoon, the first water from Lake Cochituate reached Boston through the aqueduct. The pipe on the Common, near the pond, was opened for the passage of the water, but the first issue was that of a current of air nearly strong enough to knock a man down. The water soon made its appearance, rising in a jet several feet high. By its colour, some of the spectators mistook it, or pretended to mistake it for Cognac or old Port:—it was of a deep red hue, probably from the rust of the iron pipe. It is now running through the main pipe through the northern part of the city into the harbour at the lower end of Hanover street. A few days will suffice to clear the pipes, and render them fit for use.—*Boston Courier.*

A Very Explicit and Extraordinary Letter.—Somebody has been writing to General Taylor to get his opinions on the great questions of party difference—the Bank, Tariff, and the Proviso.

The General's response is just published.

BATON ROUGE, La. March 29, 1848.

SIR:—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your polite communication of the 7th instant, asking my views on certain questions of domestic policy.

I beg to inform you that I have uniformly declined yielding to similar requests, in the belief that my opinions, even if I were President of the United States, are neither important or necessary; and I regret to add, that I see no reason for departing, in the present instance, from that course

With sentiments of much respect, I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR.

"The Cass Party Selling Out."—The *St. Louis Republican* says—"The rumour that the Cass party is about to sell out its interest in particular States, acquires shape and substance as time progresses. The proposition is mooted in Vermont as well as in New York, and it is probable that the electoral vote in every State in which General Cass has no chance, will be sold and transferred to the Van Burenites, in the hope, by the incestuous union, of giving the votes of those States to Mr. Van Buren—thereby helping him into the House of Representatives, where, in return, his friends are to give their influence to secure the success of General Cass. This is a movement of the leaders of the Cass party, who have gone quietly to work, intending to submit the subject to their followers at the last moment, and expecting them to ratify it without giving them time for reflection."

If the Cass party do really intend to sell out their interest in this contest, and abandon their ticket, they must be quick about it. Their interest in the contest, if its value is to be judged by the chances of success—will not bring as much as the ugliest slave to be found on either of General Taylor's plantations. The last thing a free soil Van Burenite would think of purchasing would be one of the white slaves of Cass.—*Globe.*

Died.

In this city, on the 29th September, ELIZA daughter of Rev. H. W. Bellows, aged 5 years.

In this city, on Sunday the 15th, inst., at the residence of his son-in-law, Elias Smith, Mr. JOHN MILLER, in his 57th year, the founder and long the proprietor of the *Providence Journal*.

In Boston, on Friday evening, October 6th, PELHAM W. WARREN, ESQ., formerly Clerk of the House of Representatives and afterwards President of the Railroad Bank at Lowell, and for a few years past a Broker in Boston, 51.

In Boston, on the 15th inst., Hon JEREMIAH MASON.

On the same day in Boston, WILLIAM LAWRENCE ESQ. after a long illness.

Acknowledgments.

For the Standard—from Sept. 12, to Oct. 19, 1848.

429	Newbury Darling, Millville, Mass.	50
443	Henry Chace, Jr. King's Ferry, N. Y.	2 00
453	Israel Drake, Potter's Hollow,	1 00
	Mary Freeman, Newtown, N. J.	1 55
471	Thomas Cole, Little Falls, N. Y.	2 00
439	David Cole, Fairfield,	2 00
360	J. D. White, Roxbury, Mass,	2 00
485	Rev. E. Nute, Scituate,	2 00
485	Leonard Tuttle, Naugatuck, Ct.	1 00
485	Andrew P. Peabody, Portsmouth, N. H.	2 00
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444	Abagail C. Walker, Great Falls,	1 00
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486	Charles G. Parker, Boston,	2 00
477	Joh. Angell, Canterbury, Ct.	2 00
471	Caroline Gibson, Buffalo, N. Y.	2 00
445	Edmund Jackson' Boston Mass.	3 00
467	C. F Hovey, " "	2 00
434	A. E. Austin, Austinburgh, O.	2 25
435	M. B. Towne, Boston, Mass.	1 00
461	F. Millikon, New York,	1 00
365	Daniel Parker, New Richmond, O.	3 00
442	S. Hollingsworth, Oakland, "	5 00
438	Nathan Newport, Colerain, "	1 00
530	William Galbreath, New Garden, "	8 25
432	Benjamin Hambleton, "	5 49
475	Rufus Horton, Portland,	1 00
468	Dr. D. Hughes, Hampton, Ct.	1 00
439	Rhoda Beal, Hingham, Ct.	2 00
439	Lydia Andrews, " "	2 00
439	Eliza A. Thaxter " "	2 00
347	David Wilson, Farmington, N. Y.	2 00
	Total,	$70 54

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

☞ NOTICE.—By the post office law now in force, publishers of newspapers are permitted to send, in their papers to subscribers, bills *unreceipted*; but a *receipted* bill subjects the receiver to letter postage. Our subscribers, therefore, will find a bill, unreceipted of course, in their papers at the expiration of the time to which they have paid. The amount received for subscription is acknowledged above, and the *whole number* of the paper to which the subscriber has paid precedes his name.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry*: The Light in the Window.—*Miscellany*: London Experiences; Last Days of Keats; Sanitarianism and Insanitarianism; A Leicester Whittington; An African King; Taking the Mississippi; Turnips and Phrenology; Acoustic Telegraph in Africa. Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

FIRST PAGE.—*Selections*: The Amistad Case; Mr. Otis's Letter; The Opinions of Thomas Jefferson on Slavery—His Letter to Governor Coles of Illinois; A Most Infamous Proceeding; Moral Destitution at the South; Revolting Spectacle; Blockade of Africa; &c., &c.

Notices.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR OF 1848.

Demands of all the friends of the slave in this region, prompt and vigorous efforts in its preparation. We know some of them, both in town and country, have long been busily at work in its behalf. So well is it understood and felt, that the Fair belongs to Pennsylvania Abolitionists generally, that our Annual summons to the work seems scarcely needed, and almost a form. But we issue it as a word of remembrance to the interested, and to arouse the lethargic—and to announce—at this important crisis—to an increasingly sympathizing community, an opportunity to labour for the cause. We invite the co-operation of every heart that loves the slave, and would prove its love by its deeds.

To our numerous fellow-labourers in city and country it cannot be unnecessary to speak on the subject of the best manner of preparing for the Fair. In such preparation they are well skilled. To those to whom the work may be new we say all pretty or marketable commodities will be valuable.

To *all* we say, make the slave's cause your own, if possible, and give liberally as God hath given you.

Sarah Pugh,	*Esther Reckless,*
A. Matilda Cassey,	*Maria M. Davis,*
Anna M. Hopper,	*Elizabeth Gay,*
Janette Jackson,	*Hannah W. Haydock,*
Margaret A. Griscom,	*Elizabeth Davis,*
Mary Grew,	*Emma Parker,*
Margaret Jones,	*Gertrude K. Burleigh,*
Hannah L. Stickney,	*Emily A. Winslow,*
Mary T. Stickney,	*Clementine G. Ruby,*
Sarah A. T. McKim,	*Martha Carman,*
Theresa K. Hallowell,	*Sarah T. Child,*
Hulda Justice,	*Anna M. Child,*
Elizabeth Carman,	*Mary Shaw,*
Harriet D Purvis,	*Margaret Forten,*
Priscilla Lukens,	*Esther Hogeland,*
Sarah M. Douglass,	*Esther Burr,*

Elizabeth Clendenon.

FIFTEENTH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

The undersigned, earnestly desiring the abolition of Slavery have been led, by the strength of their wish, carefully to consider what means may be found sufficient for the accomplishment of this great and holy object. They find that Slavery exists through the selfishness, the ignorance, the cowardice, the hypocrisy of the people. If the nation could be made more conscientious, disinterested, courageous, enlightened, and true to its own political and religious principles, the work were done. Until enough nobility of spirit can be awakened in the land to make the clergyman, the farmer, the lawyer, the mechanic, the merchant and the politician, willing to renounce their hopes of worldly success, and see their respective careers of individual advancement closed up, apparently forever, by their allegiance to Freedom;—to make the women of the land feel themselves disgraced by their indifference to such a cause as this;—to make the Christians and citizens of the land willing to bear the *suffering* and odium consequent upon an adherence to the right against law and custom:—until this can be accomplished, the Southern slaveholders are upheld in their sin by the powerful support of Christian fellowship, social sanction, and civil participation.

We determine, therefore, to strike at once at the *root* of Slavery, by appealing to the hearts and consciences of men and withdrawing their allegiance from such shameful cruelty and wrong, by the continual presentation of the paramount claims of Freedom and Humanity. Union being strength that fact decides us to co-operate with any whose principles prove them to be trustworthy; who make the abolition of Slavery their primary object; and who, in addition to their honesty of purpose, have sense and sagacity enough to make them safe coadjutors, by securing them from becoming the prey of the selfish set of hypocritical adventurers that every moral revolution calls forth. We find such a sufficient and trustworthy body nowhere but in the American Anti Slavery Society. Years of close observation of its righteous principles and uncompromising practical workings, assure us that it has the elements of success. It continually sends forth lecturers to enforce the principles of justice and humanity among the people, and in a few years is found thereby to have exercised a controlling influence for good throughout the country. It dictates the course and bends the policy of every political party: and, speaking as it does from a height above their selfish personal struggles, its words of everlasting truth are heard, and more and more obeyed. While calling on all to unite with it, it has ever, by the energy and rectitude of its progress, been free without license, and elective without invidiousness. It is not too much to say in its praise, that its cause and its course repel all but the wise, the good, and the bold from active co-operation with it, and brand with dishonour the hand that approaches it to make it the instrument of any selfish purpose. It has no local attachments, no partizan or sectarian partialities, no hidden aim, no double purpose; while, at the same time, every observer notices how happily its labours prepare the way for every good work: for, though specific in its object, its great principle of *immediate individual reform*, without awaiting the gradualisms of party politics, legislative action, and judicial decision, is one of universal application.

This, therefore, is the mode of operation which commends itself to our reason and feelings. The agents and friends which such an association of necessity draws forth, are the ones that we wish to sustain. The periodicals that such an association employs are the ones that we wish to circulate. In the councils of such a body where all persons have equal rights of membership, the *whole* collective energy and judgment are constantly in use, and the chances and means of success consequently doubled.

Hence we find it to be our duty, in preparing for the FIFTEENTH NATIONAL ANTI SLAVERY BAZAAR to commence in FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, on Thursday, DECEMBER 21st, to devote the funds then raised, to sustain the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, in its sacred work of moral agitation and revolution in behalf of the enslaved, and confidently appeal to all good hearts EVERYWHERE, in aid of so noble an enterprise.

M. W. Chapman,	*Sarah B. Shaw,*
Ann T. G. Phillips,	*Mary G. Chapman,*
Helen E. Garrison,	*Caroline Weston,*
Mary May,	*Susan C. Cabot,*
Eliza Lee Follen,	*Henrietta Sargent,*
Sarah S. Russell,	*Hannah Tufts,*
Louiza Loring,	*Eliza F. Meriam,*
Mary Young,	*Caroline F. Williams,*
Mary Wiley,	*Evelina S. A. Smith,*
Anne Warren Weston,	*Sarah H. Southwick,*
Maria Lowell,	*Ann R. Bramhall,*
Francis Mary Robbins,	*Harriet T. White,*
Lydia Parker,	*Abby Francis,*
Harriet B. Hall,	*Abby Southwick,*
Catharine Sargent,	*Harriet M. Jackson.*

All persons desiring the privilege of co-operating with us in this joyful and holy work, are informed that the pecuniary value of donations of money and materials, is doubled to the cause through the means of the Bazaar, by the care, skill, and ingenuity which are entrusted with their management to *Supplies for the refreshment table are particularly desired.*

Friends of the cause aware of the advantages accruing—it from The Liberty Bell, are requested to forward their donations and articles *immediately*, or as soon a convenient.

Friends in England, Scotland, and Ireland are requested to address their contributions as usual, to MARIA W. CHAPMAN, care of A. W. Weston, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

Contributions and letters from the American side of the Atlantic, hitherto addressed to M. W. Chapman, may be addressed to ANNE W. WESTON.

Communications from friends in the country respecting lodgings for ladies intending to furnish tables, should be addressed to ELIZA F. MERIAM, Boston.

Members of the Committee who will be in Europe during the remainder of the year, will be most happy to receive donations for the purchase of choice and rare foreign articles for the Bazaar. Address CAROLINE WESTON, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

Every friend who furnished evergreen for the decoration of the Hall last year, is entreated, for the sake of the cause, to continue the same good office, by *seasonably* gathering the requisite "running green," and red cedar trees, and bringing them to Boston, on Saturday, December 13th, thus allowing the indispensable three days before the 21st, for the arrangements.

Advertisements.

PROSPECTUS.

OF THE

LOUISVILLE EXAMINER.

Published, Weekly, in Louisville, Kentucky.—being a large and handsomely printed Newspaper, devoted chiefly to the discussion of the Emancipation question in Kentucky; and containing much interesting family reading—religious and political intelligence—articles on agriculture, and the general news of the day.

TERMS:—$2 PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

PAUL SEYMOUR, PUBLISHER.

This paper has been in existence nearly a year and a half, and has been slowly extending its circulation in the slave States. It is the advocate of emancipation in Kentucky, and has kept this one object constantly in view, seeking by calm reasoning, and by the evidence of figures and facts, to show the people of Kentucky the many grevious losses they ar obliged to bear in consequence of Slavery. Those connected with the Examiner have not espoused any one of the many plans of emancipation submitted from time to time, nor have they urged their own views in this particular, but have confined their action to efforts intended to arouse the public mind to reflection on this vitally important subject; feeling sure that when their fellow-citizen shall have determined to rid themselves of Slavery, they will find a way—that a plan of emancipation, just, humane, and practicable will be devised and agreed upon, and that sufficient wisdom and courage will be found in this beloved old Commonwealth to carry it out successfully. Such a plan will, doubtless, be agreed upon at a meeting of the friends of the cause, to be held at some convenient point, shortly after the Presidential election, and will be advocated by the Examiner with whatever ability it possesses.

The Examiner does not participate in party politics. It calls on the good and patriotic of every party in the State to unite in one concentrated effort for the redemption of Kentucky from the thrall of Slavery.

The time is at hand in which the effort is to be made. The subject of the Convention is beginning to occupy the minds of all Kentuckians, and it is of the first importance that we be well informed on a subject that so vitally concerns us. The conductors of the Examiner, therefore, call upon the active friends of Emancipation in Kentucky, to aid them in their efforts to extend its circulation, and trust a hearty response will prove that the call is not made in vain.

F. COSBY,
JOHN H. HEYWOOD, } *Editors.*
NOBLE BUTLER.

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10th mo. 19.

PROSPECTUS

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It is our own sole and simple purpose to make this work such as we have described, a book that a child may read to advantage and with pleasure, on Sunday, as well as every other day in the week.

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Pennsylvania	—.— a —.—
Brandywine	5.62½ a —
Georgetown	5.62½ a —.—
Baltimore c. mills	5.72½ a —.—
Richmond c. mills	—.— a —.—
do. country	—.— a —.—
Alexandria	5.62½ a —
Fredericksburg	5.75 a —
Petersburg	5.62½ a —
Rye flour	3.50 a 3.62½
Cornmeal, Jersey	3.31¼ a 3.37½
do. hhd.	—.— a —.—
FISH	
Duty, 20 per cent ad val.	
Dry cod, cwt.	2.87½ a 2.60
Dry scale	2.00 a 2.25
Pickled cod, bbl.	3.— a 3.25
do. salmon, tcs	15.25 a —.75
Smoked do. lb	— a —
Mackerel, 1, bbl.	7.75 a 8.25
do. No. 1 small	.— a —
do. No. 2	5.50 a 6.25
do. do. North	— a —
do. No. 3 South	5.62 a 5.87
do. do. North	5.75 a 5.87½
Shad, N 1 Ct. hf. bbl.	— a 7.00
do. No. 2	—.— a 6.00
Bucksp't. bbl.	—.— a —.—
Mess. do.	—.— a —.—
Southern	5.00 a 5.25
Herring, pickled	4.00 a .
do. scale, per box,	— a 50
do. No. 1	— a 30
do. No. 2	— a 20
GRAIN.	
Duty, 20 per cent. ad val.	
Wheat, white bush	1.23½ a 1.27
do Western	— a —.—
do. Southern	1.05 a 1.15
Rye northern	.69 a .70
Corn north'n & Jer	73½ a 74
do south'n(weight)	58 a .70
do N O & West'n	— a —
Barley, Western,	20 a .24
Oats, northern	34½ a .35
do. southern	— a .—
do. New-Jersey	39 a 40
Peas, White,	.62½ a .82
Black eyed 2 bu bel	— a 187½
FLAX	
Duty: 15 per cent. ad val.	
Russia per lb.	a —
American	8 a —
FEATHERS	
Duty: 25 per cent. ad val.	
Foreign per lb.	— a —
Foreign A. A.	— a —
Live, American	32 a 35
HAY—Per 100 lbs.	
North River in bales	40 a 45
HOPS	
Duty, 20 per cent. ad val.	
First sort 1847, lb.	4½ a 5
LEATHER. [Sole]	
Duty, 20 per cent. ad val.	
Oak per lb.	20 a 23
Oak Ohio,	19 a 21
Hemlock, light	12½ a 12¾
do. middle	13½ a 13½
do. heavy,	12½ a 13
do. damaged	10 a 11
do. poor do.	6 a 7
LIME	
Thomaston per bbl	68. a .70
LUMBER	
Duty: Timber and firewood, 20 boards, timber, &c. shaped for use, 30; do rough, 20 per ct ad val. Yard selling prices	
Timber w. pine pr.c.ft.	18 a 22
do. east'n scant or beams prM. ft.	15.— a 16.25
do oak, cu. ft.	.22 a 25
do. Gr. Isl. W.O.	—25 a 30
do. O.sent.pr.M.ft.	25 a 30
do. Ge.yel.pine(by cargo) per cub. ft.	—22 a 25
Plank Ge. yel. pine pr M foot	—.25 a 30
Boards N.R.M.ft.cl.	—.30 a 35.—
do. 2d ql.	22.50 a 25.
do. Box	[illegible] a .15
Albany, place	15 a .18
Plank Alb. pine	23 a .26
Laths E. by car.	1.25 a .—
Shingles bh. 18 in.	1.62½ a 2.—
do. Ced.3ft.1stql.	25.— a —.33
do. do. 2d ql.	24.— a 28.—
do. 2ft.1st ql.	17.— a 22.—
do. do.2dql.	10.— a 79.—
do. Cyprus 2d ql.	15.— a 16.—
Heading W.O.pr.M.40.	— a —.48
Staves W. O. pipe	60.— a —.—
do. do. hhd.	47.— a —.48
do. do. bbl.	30.— a —.33
do. R. O. hhd.	25.— a 28.—
PROVISIONS.	
Duty: Cheese 30; all other 20 per cent. ad val.	
Beef, mess per bbl.	11.62½ a 12.75
do. prime	6.50 a 7.25
Pork, mess, Ohio	11. a 11 12
do. prime new	8.75 a 8.87
Lard	7½ a —. 8
Hams, smoked	6 a —. 9
Shoulders, smoked	4½ a —. 5
Beef do.	— a —.
Butter, Orange co.	16 a .18
do. West'n dairy	14½ a —.16½
do. common	— a —
Cheese	4½ a — 6½
SEEDS.	
Duty: flaxseed, clover, and timothy, 20 per cent. ad val.	
Clover, per lb.	—.5 a —.6½
Timothy, 7 bush.	14.— a 17.—
Flax, rough	1.— a 1.—
do. clean	— a —
TALLOW.	
Duty: tallow grease, & soap stuff 10 per cent. ad val.	
Rendered;	7½ a 8
WOOL.	
Duty, 30 per cent. ad val.	
Am. Sax'ny, fleece lb.	37 a 40
Am. full blood Merino	32 a 35
Am. ½ & ¾ Merino	26 a 30
Am. native & ¼ do.	22 a 25
Superfine, pulled, ctry.	24 a 24
do. do city	26 a 27
No. 1, pulled, country,	22 a 24
do. city	22 a 23
South Am. washed	6 a 7
do. do. & picked	18 a 20
do. unwashed	5 a 7
Africa	6 a 11½
Smyrna	10 a 18
Mexican,	10 a 211

Poetry.

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW

BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL. D.

Late or early home returning,
In the starlight or the rain,
I behold that lonely candle
Shining from his window-panes.
Ever o'er his tattered curtain,
Nightly looking, I could scan,
Aye inditing,
Writing—writing,
The pale figure of a man;
Still discern behind him fall
The same shadow on the wall.

Far beyond the murkey midnight,
By dim burning of his oil,
Filling aye his rapid leaflets,
I have watched him at his toil;
Watched his broad and seamy forehead
Watched his white industrious hand,
Ever passing
And repassing;
Watched and strove to understand
What impelled it—gold, or fame—
Bread or bubble of a name.

Oft I've asked, debating vainly
In the silence of my mind,
What the services he rendered
To his country or his kind;
Whether tones of ancient music,
Or the sound of modern gong,
Wisdom holy,
Humours lowly,
Sermon, essay, novel, song,
Or philosophy sublime,
Filled the measure of his time.

Of the mighty world at London,
He was portion unto me,
Portion of my life's experience,
Fused into my memory.
Twilight saw him at his folios,
Morning saw his fingers run,
Labouring ever,
Wearying never
Of the task he had begun;
Placid and content he seemed,
Like a man that toiled and dreamed.

No one sought him, no one knew him,
Undistinguished was his name;
Never had his praise been uttered
By the oracles of fame.
Scanty fare and decent raiment,
Humble lodging, and a fire—
These he sought for,
These he wrought for,
And he gained his meek desire;
Teaching men by written word—
Clinging to a hope deferred.

So he lived. At last I missed him;
Still might evening twilight fall,
But no taper lit his lattice—
Lay no shadow on his wall.
In the winter of his seasons,
In the midnight of his day,
'Mid his writing,
And inditing,
Death hath beckoned him away,
Ere the sentence he had planned
Found completion at his hand.

But this man so old and nameless
Left behind him projects large,
Schemes of progress undeveloped,
Worthy of a nation's charge;
Noble fancies uncompleted,
Germs of beauty immatured,
Only needing
Kindly feeding
To have flourished and endured;
Meet reward in golden store
To have lived for evermore:

Who shall tell what schemes majestic
Perish in the active brain?
What humanity is robbed of,
Ne'er to be restored again?
What we lose, because we honour
Overmuch the mighty dead,
And dispirit
Living merit,
Heaping scorn upon its head?
Or perchance, when kinder grown,
Leaving it to die—alone?

Miscellany.

From the Union Magazine.

LONDON EXPERIENCES.

BY MRS. KIRKLAND.

The Queen.—She seemed to us much plainer in every respect, than any picture of her we had seen. Her complexion is far from clear, her figure diminutive, her dress devoid of taste. Doubtless, the circumstance of her being in mourning detracted a good deal from the elegance of her appearance.—She was drest entirely in black, without even the relief of a white collar, or *manchettes*, a style particularly ill-suited to her figure and complexion. The Prince looks like a substantial German Baron, not ill-favoured, but quite behind the notion one gets of him from his portrait. If the Queen had married him for the strength of the impression made by one of those flattering semblances, she must have been sadly disappointed; but she was happily preserved from any danger of so fatal a mistake, by an early acquaintance with the Prince, her cousin, who studied with her under the same masters for two or three years. They are said to be truly happy in their domestic relations; and the English have a deep respect for the private character of their monarch. They consider her a most excellent mother. She is extremely systematic, and makes a point of superintending personally all the arrangements for the comfort and improvement of her children, reading all the books which are provided for their use, and acquainting herself with the character of those who have charge of them. We were amused to hear that the Queen of England does not like literary people; that she excludes them as far as possible, from the court; and, in fact, considers having produced a book as equivalent to loss of cast. A person who had by dint of great science and ingenuity perfected a plan by means of which the public interest was essentially benefitted, embodied the results of his studies in a book, highly esteemed by critics and the public. It was proposed by a certain lady at court to present this gentleman, on the strength of his merit; but the Queen absolutely declined receiving him, *because* of his literary character. Some one suggested that he had served with honour in the army, upon which ground her majesty consented to receive him. But the gentleman very properly declined appearing at Court on these terms: so that her majesty was after all, the only person presented in the affair. Somebody says, there is hardly a magistrate that does not commit himself twice as often as he commits any one else. But the Queen is only proving her legitimacy; for who ever heard of one of her family as a patron, or even an admirer of literature?

English Beauty.—With a strong prepossession in favour of English beauty, and a notion that such an occasion as that of the drawing-room would afford a fine field for the display of it, we must confess to have been disappointed in our search. Very few of the ladies we saw were more than comely; a large proportion fell behind even that. One beautiful woman there was, whom we were led to suppose to be the Marchioness of Douro, though we could not ascertain it. We were told that that lady, daughter-in-law of the Duke of Wellington, and the Duchess of Argyll, daughter of the Duchess of Sutherland, were the only conspicuously beautiful women at court. Neither among the common people, in the streets of London, or in the country towns, did we observe the fresh complexion and buxom air which we had been taught to expect.—Low-life beauty seems to have been spoiled by factories; and if there was rural beauty we did not see it. Pretty children one sees in abundance every where—and so nicely kept! It seems to us that nobody knows so well how to care for the physique of children as the English. They feed them with the simplest possible food, and are astonished when they hear that our young folks share the rich, heavy, high-seasoned dishes of their parents. Oatmeal porridge is considered a suitable breakfast for infant royalty itself; and a simple dinner at one o'clock, the proper thing for children whose parents dine sumptuously at seven. Exercise is considered one of the necessaries of life; and a daily walk or ride (not drive) in the fresh air, the proper form of it. It might be superfluous to notice anything so obvious, if it were not that so many people in good circumstances, with us, neglect this, and keep their children immured in nurseries, or cooped up in school-rooms, with no thought of exercise in the open air as a daily requisite. We wish nothing so much for these benighted parents, as that they should once become acquainted with the habits and principles of a well-ordered English nursery. A reform in that quarter is much needed among us, and we know of no people so well able to be our instructors, as the English, who have certainly brought the nursery system to great perfection, both as respects the comfort and advantage of parents and children.

English Character.—The English are a rational people, most emphatically. Nothing is more apparent in small things than their strong, useful common sense. All the arrangements of daily life go on with a perfect system, which is unthought of among ourselves. It is curious to look at ourselves from this side the water. What a headlong, shifting, mercurial, impulsive, imitative, unfinished people we seem to be, compared with the steady, reasonable, stolid, self-complacent, English, who, having been a thousand years busily engaged in discovering the best way of doing everything, are quite sure they have found it; and that everybody who does anything in any other way must certainly be wrong! The excellence which has been the result of their patient effort, leads to their obvious self-sufficiency and prejudice; our consciousness of deficiency, and willingness to learn, drive us into servile imitation, and a disposition to think whatever is new must be an improvement upon the old. Yet the English are evidently, in spite of themselves, imbibing something of the American spirit, which we take to be the spirit of this age: let us hope that we shall settle into whatever is good and stable of the olden *regime*. A short residence in London cannot but inspire one with great respect for the English character.

English Hospitality.—There is something very pleasing in the tone of English hospitality. It is manly and dignified, yet sufficiently solicitous to satisfy the feelings of the stranger; it is elegant, without apparent effort; abundant, yet not superfluous; considerate, intelligent, sympathetic. Hospitality is considered in England, a duty of life, not an onerous burthen imposed by circumstances, and to be gotten rid of as cheaply as possible, or as an opportunity for ostentation, which is to be made the most of. It forms part of the plan of life, instead of being, as is too often the case with us, a rare thing, for which no regular provision is made. Dinners for show there may be, and doubtless are; we know there are royal dinners, and cabinet dinners, and Lord Mayor's feasts. But dinners where, although everything is handsome and good, society is the first object, are much more common. Conversation is a recognized pleasure; one object in coming together socially, is the exchange of information, and the collision of thought. And still more agreeable than these dinners, where all the guests are invited for a reason are those ten o'clock breakfasts, where all the *gene* of a dinner is excluded, and at which one may sit in a straw bonnet, and speak to a neighbour without introduction. This form of entertainment is almost unknown among us; but it deserves to be introduced and adopted. It affords ample scope for elegance, while it excuses all that makes a dinner terrible to the mistress of a family, in America, where domestic service is so imperfect. Tea, coffee, chocolate, rolls and butter, a few slices of cold meat, honey, marmalade, plover's eggs, and, perhaps, a basket of oranges, or fruit in season; these, as far as we can recollect, make up the mundane part of one of these quiet London breakfasts. But to give an idea of the better part, we should enumerate the company; but that would be contrary to our vow, which binds us to mention no names, even where our entertainers are as well known to the literary as to the social world. We may say, however, that at our breakfast table, where our host was indeed a host, we found a man of science, a travelled man, and a connoiseur in art, as our *convives*; at another, well-known to many an American traveller in the Old World, an assemblage of guests, each of whom brought no trifling contribution to the common stock of pleasure; and all converged towards their entertainer, whose stores of memory, whose wit and humour, and thorough acquaintance with the world, make an hour spent with him something to be remembered. Such visits leave a mark in the mind; they belong to a state of high civilization, and form one of the most unmistakable marks of it. The lunch is another means of unceremonious hospitality in England, and an excellent short cut to a good understanding between parties who have never met before, and who have not time for the slow ripening of acquaintance into friendship. There is the social position round the table not too large for general conversation, nor too small for more particular interchange of thought; there is the pleasant variety of refreshment, which, while it gratifies various tastes, suggests no unpleasant thought of care and labour beforehand. There is the very agreeable possibility of dispensing almost entirely with the attendance of servants, rendered so necessary by the complications of dinner. Everybody agrees in thinking that a quiet supper is the most social, and unbending, and heart-warming of all meals; but next to that, commend us to the English breakfast and lunch, of which we have seen such charming specimens.

THE LAST DAYS OF KEATS.

All that can be done he (Dr. Clark,) does most kindly, while his lady, like himself in refined feeling, prepares all that poor Keats takes, for in this wilderness of a place, for an invalid, there was no alternative. Yesterday Dr. Clark went all over Rome for a certain kind of fish, and just as I received it carefully dressed, Keats was taken with spitting of blood. We have the best opinion of Dr. Clark's skill; he comes over four or five times a day, and he has left word for us to call him up, at any moment, in case of danger. My spirits have been quite pulled down. These wretched Romans have no idea of comfort. I am obliged to do everything for him. I wish you were here. I have just looked at him. This will be a good night. *January* 15, 1821, *half-past eleven.* Poor Keats has just fallen asleep. I have watched him and read to him to his very last wink; he has been saying to me—"Severn, I can see under your quiet look immense contention—you don't know what you are reading. You are enduring for me more than I would have you. O! that my last hour was come!" He is sinking daily; perhaps another three weeks may lose him to me forever! I made sure of his recovery when we set out. I was selfish: I thought of his value to me; I made my own public success to depend on his candour to me. Torlonia, the banker, has refused us any more money; the bill is returned unaccepted, and to-morrow I must pay my last crown for this cursed lodging-place: and what is more, if he dies, all the beds and furniture will be burnt and the walls scraped, and they will come on me for a hundred pounds or more! But, above all, this noble fellow lying on the bed and without the common spiritual comforts that many a rogue and fool has in his last moments! If I do break down it will be under this; but I pray that some angel of goodness may yet lead him through this dark wilderness. If I could leave Keats every day for a time I could soon raise money by my painting; but he will not let me out of his sight, he will not bear the face of a stranger. I would rather cut my tongue out than tell him I must get the money—that would kill him at a word. You see my hopes of being kept by the Royal Academy will be cut off, unless I send a picture by the spring. I have written to Sir T. Lawrence. I have got a volume of Jeremy Taylor's works, which Keats has heard me read to-night.—This is a treasure indeed, and came when I should have thought it hopeless. Why may not other good things come? I will keep myself up with such hopes. Dr. Clark is still the same, though he knows about the bill: he is afraid the next change will be to diarrhœa. Keats sees all this—his knowledge of anatomy makes every change tenfold worse; every way he is unfortunate, yet every one offers me assistance on his account. He cannot read any letters, he has made me put them by him unopened. They tear him to pieces—he dare not look on the outside of any more: make this known. *February 18th.*—I have just got your letter of January 15th. The contrast of your quiet friendly Hampstead with this lonely place, and our poor suffering Keats, brings the tears into my eyes. I wish many, many times that he had never left you. His recovery would have been impossible in England; but his excessive grief has made it equally so. In your care he seemed to me like an infant in its mother's arms; you would have smoothed down his pain by variety of interests, and his death would have been eased by the presence of many friends. Here, with one solitary friend, in a place savage for an invalid, he has one more pang added to his many—for I have had the hardest task in keeping from him my painful situation. I have kept him alive week after week. He has refused all food, and I have prepared his meals six times a day, till he had no excuse left.—I have only dared to leave him while he slept. It is impossible to conceive what his sufferings have been: he might, in his anguish, have plunged into the grave in secret, and not a syllable been known about him: this reflection alone repays me for all I have done. Now he is still alive and calm. He would not hear that he was better: the thought of recovery is beyond everything dreadful to him; we now dare not perceive any improvement, for the hope of death seems his only comfort. He talks of the quiet grave as the first rest he can ever have. In the last week a great desire for books came across his mind. I got him all I could, and three days this charm lasted, but now it has gone. Yet he is very tranquil. He is more and more reconciled to his horrible misfortunes. *February 14th.*—Little or no change has taken place, except this beautiful one, that his mind is growing to great quietness and peace. I find this change has to do with the increasing weakness of his body, but to me it seems like a delightful sleep; I have been beating about in the tempest of his mind so long. To-night he has talked very much, but so easily, that he fell at last into a pleasant sleep. He seems to have happy dreams. This will bring on some change—it cannot be worse—it may be better. Among the many things he has requested of me to-night this is the principal—that on his grave-stone shall be this inscription:—

"HERE LIES ONE WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER."

You will understand this so well that I need not say a word about it. When he first came here he purchased a copy of "Alfieri," but put it down at the second page—being much affected at the lines

> "Misera me! sollievo a me non resta,
> Altro che il pianto, *ed il pianto è delitto!*"

Now that I know so much of his grief I do not wonder at it. Such a letter has come! I gave it to Keats supposing it to be one of yours, but it proved sadly otherwise. The glance at that letter tore him to pieces; the effects were on him for many days. He did not read it—he could not—but requested me to place it in his coffin, together with a purse and a letter (unopened) of his sister's; since then he has told me not to place that letter in his coffin, only his sister's purse and letter, and some hair. I, however, persuaded him to think otherwise on this point. In his most irritable state he sees a friendless world about him, with everything that his life presents, and especially the kindness of others, tending to his melancholy death.—*Literary Remains of John Keats.*

SANITARIANISM AND INSANITARIANISM.

A Gentleman with a wild air, wearing a white hat, and holding a copy of the *Times* newspaper in his hand, paid a halfpenny by way of toll at Hungerford Bridge last Friday, and saying he was "pressed," begged the toll-keeper to send the accompanying note to our office. His letter bears marks of an almost maniacal excitement, and we deeply grieve to say that the toll-keeper has *not heard of the gentleman since. Which way he passed over the bridge* it is not for us to say. But the most painful conjectures have been hazarded, and there is little doubt that if he did not cross over to the Waterloo Station or elsewhere, or take a steamer from the bridge, he must have jumped over it, and so put a period to an existence, which the present prevailing terror had rendered unbearable.

"POISON! POISON! POISON!

"Mr. Punch,

"I am a family man, and a coal-merchant by profession. My place of business is at the Diamond Wharf [where I shall be happy, during the feeble remnant of my existence, to serve you with the Wallsends, and where my father and grandfather carried on before me], and my private residence is in Bayswater, whither I came because I was told the suburb was not only genteel but healthy.

"My father and grandfather died at upwards of three score and ten, living in the city, by the river, and I had hoped our change of residence would not hurt our condition. My wife takes a drive in the Brougham every day by the Serpentine, and fancies herself in the fashion, and my children go out in the Park and Kensington Gardens every day, and I thought they looked pretty well. My little boy got leave to fish in the Serpentine—it was Mrs. Jones's pleasure to watch him as she passed there, and we used to sit down to the gudgeons which be caught, with no particular relish.

"I say used, sir, because all that sort of folly is passed now, and I am come to a sense of my real condition. I know that that Serpentine is a pool of death, and only wonder that people don't drop in as they fish there. Who knows how many do? It was only yesterday that I saw in the papers that the gudgeon [Faugh! the nasty little abominable beasts!] ought to be combed and washed before being served at table; and I think it is in your own columns I have read that people who bathe there are taken out, of a livid green colour, by the Humane Society's hooks.

"So much for the Serpentine. Its neighbourhood ought, by rights, to poison the air, to lower the rents in Bayswater, to kill away the people who frequent the Drive, and to turn the swans green. I shudder, sir, as I think of mephitic ducks feebly flapping about in an Acheron, and Newfoundland dogs jumping after sticks into a river of that name.

"Of my own Thames I hear no better a report. The *Times* tells me [in terms of the most amiable pleasantry, it is true, and with a playful mournfulness which only renders the death-grin infinitely more ghastly] that '*the whole atmosphere of the whole city is perpetually poisoned, from one year's end to another, by the effluvium of this enormous sewer.*' And thousands of us are going up and down by penny boats; hundreds of thousands go to Gravesend, for what they imagine to be fresh shrimps and fresh air; Ministers and persons of repute go and dine at Greenwich, and partake of water-souchee and whitebait—I see a picture of them in your journal of last week. Ah, sir! No wonder that Lord John makes a wry face at the table, and that Lord Morpeth is represented as withdrawn from it altogether, and looking uncommonly queer! What are we to do? Whither are we to fly? I want to know to what place of comparative safety I may take myself, Mrs. Jones, and our family? Where can I get a wholesome diet and an unpolluted air?

"I know very well, ever since Accum's time, indeed, that death lurks in my pot at home, and taints the very springs and sources of existence. My water is poisoned—I correct it, or drink other liquids, but what are they? If I drink wine, what am I sure of? acids, sloe juices, logwood, liquorice and inconceivable combinations of pollution. If I take brandy-and-water, I know that every sort of Cogniac, except the patent British, is a poisonous mixture, and the British, in spite of the recommendations of the faculty, I cannot bring myself to like. Gin, sir! what is gin? turpentine, and I have no doubt arsenic and Prussic acid in equal portions. Bitter ale? aloes and gamboge, to say the best of it. Porter? treacle, quassia, senna, black dose, the deuce knows what infernal medley of horrible drugs, which must pull me down gradually to the grave. The bottle is sheer poison, as I know from Mr. Cruikshank's excellent work; but, ah me! the cistern is poisoned too; the air is poisoned; life is poisoned; business is poisoned; pleasure is poisoned; dinner is poisoned; tea, coffee, and muffins are poisoned; and we are only lingering over them, knowing the end. It is like Seneca stepping into a hot bath, or Socrates being served with a cup of warm drink. We take them; but we know how they are to end—in death, death, death!

"I need scarcely say that the tea that I am in the habit of drinking with my wife and unsuspecting family, is a poison of the most atrocious and deadly character. Its green hue [for I take my poison mixed] is occasioned by the sheets of copper upon which it is grilled before I use it, and the pungency of its flavour is mainly to be attributed to verdigris.

"The quantity of white-lead which I imbibe in my milk is tearing my intestines to pieces, and likewise ruining the health of Mrs. Jones and my daughters. They often take tea in the middle of the day, by way of lunch, for which meal I don't care, so that they poison themselves rather more than I do. Good Heavens! is it possible that I shall survive, Mrs. Jones, and that she prefers her Bohea to her husband?

"My butter, I know, is mixed up with poisoned lard, and my bread is compounded with flour, alum, a most corrosive and deadly poison, and the bones of animals. What do I say—of animals?—of men possibly, who, in life, owing to the deleterious nature of their air and food, were in a highly diseased state, and whose 'bones we grind to make our bread.' Gracious Powers! I shudder when I see my daughters with their mouths full of bread-and-butter, and think that I am bringing up nine little ogresses. However, they are poisoning themselves, and can't live long.

"As for my coffee, which I have been taking after dinner for years, I find that it is impregnated with the sulphurous and noxious fumes of coke, with which it is roasted, and which penetrate into the iron cylinder in which that operation is performed. As soon as I have my coffee in my cylinder it begins to give off a gallic and malic acid, which coming into contact with the iron, form gallates and malates of that metal—[I feel inward agonies as I write]—and this vapour, sir—this infernal vapour—is again vapourised, and is assisted in its destroying work by one of the most powerful acids known—namely, pyroligenous acid, which is given off by the coffee most freely (and be hanged to it). The action of this pyroligneous acid upon an iron cylinder is to create a compound eminently disgusting to the taste; while, if I prefer a cylinder of copper, I simply generate poison. One of these two things I have been making and drinking through the course of a miserable life.

"Now I certainly may purchase at FAKIN'S, NUMBER ONE HUNDRED, St. Paul's Church Yard, a coffee prepared in his Patent Silver Cylinders, which is not only agreeable to the taste, but is attested by the most eminent physicians. But gracious Goodness! *Mr. Punch*, what is the use of taking so much trouble? If my milk is poisoned, my tea poisoned, my bread ditto, the air which I breathe poisoned, my Serpentine poisoned [an Avernus, the *Times* says, over which even the kites, of little boys drop down dead in their flight], if my Thames is a regular Lethe, in which every eel is a mortal writhing serpent, and every white bait a small dose of death, what is the odds of taking a little more or less pyroligenous acid in my coffee?

* * * * * * *

"Welcome, then, thou dark stream; let me quaff thee, thou deadly draught of Lethe. I may as well finish now perhaps, as drag on this poisoned existence much longer—I can't bear to think of the premature death of my children, and of Mrs. Jones perishing before my eyes a victim to a pestiferous Twankay. Good bye, my dear *Punch*. If any thing happens to me, it is you, and the *Times*, and Lord Morpeth, and Fakin have done it. I was happy until I knew I was so miserable. And I know I'm poisoned now, and dont think I can survive it."—*Punch.*

A LEICESTER WHITTINGTON.

Sir Richard Phillips, once Sheriff of London, relates in his "Personal Tour through the United Kingdom," published twenty years ago, that when he was in Nottingham he fell in with a plain, elderly gentleman, an ancient reader of the *Leicester Herald*—a paper printed by the garrulous knight "in the halcyon days of his youth," and which he abandoned in 1795, on exchanging Leicester for London. The old man, hearing that Sir Richard was in Nottingham, came to him with a certain number of the *Herald* in his hand, to receive the solution of a mystery therein contained, which had perplexed the "constant reader" and his neighbours, at intervals, for the greater part of half a century. Casting his eye in the direction indicated by the inquirer's finger, the tourist saw a column of type, headed "Dutch Mail," and professing to be printed in "original Dutch." Very original Dutch it undoubtedly was. The sight of it brought to Sir Richard's mind a long-forgotten passage in his Leicester experiences. On the eve of one of his publication days, when all was hurry-skury "to catch the mail," that mercurial spirit, the "P.D.," made choice of the unauspicious moment for a frolic with the men, and a column of types fell a sacrifice to the sport. The mail would be gone before the mischief could be repaired; but it so chanced that another column of types, picked up from the office-floor and arranged at random—technically called "pie"—some letters topsy-turvy, often ten or twelve consonants in succession, as many vowels next, and then half-a-dozen commas and other stops in close company—stood temptingly at hand; so the distracted editor, glad of any refuge from the anger of his country readers, gave orders that the "pie" should be served up to them, with the following explanatory introduction:—"Just as our paper was going to press the Dutch mail arrived; and as we had not time to make a translation, we have inserted its intelligence in the original."

"Off went the pie, as original Dutch, into Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire! In a few hours, other matter, in plain English (says Sir Richard), supplied its place for our local publication. Of course, all the linguists, schoolmasters, high-bred village politicians, and correspondents of the *Ladies' Diary*, set their wits to work to translate my Dutch: and I once had a collection of letters containing speculations on the subject, or demanding a literal translation of that which appeared to be so intricate. How the Dutch could read it was incomprehensible! My Nottingham *quidnunc* was one of the number; and it appeared that, at times, for above four and thirty years, he had bestowed on it his anxious attention. I told him the story; and he left me, vowing that, as I had deceived him, he would never believe any newspaper again!"

The author of this mischief was not constant to the press. He forsook it early—perhaps when (and because) his master forsook Leicester; and he afterwards became connected with the manufactures of his native place. Industrious, persevering, and sagacious, the small shop which he first occupied as an employer gradually grew into a manufactory; and warehouses were added, of vast extent and singular convenience, so as to become one of the wonders of the borough. The shallow and the thoughtless called him a fortunate, a lucky man. Others, with more justice, regarded him as a wise and prudent man—one who, to superior skill and intelligence, united those moral and religious qualities which minister largely to success in an honourable career. On the passing of the Municipal Reform Bill, the doors of the council-chamber, before closed to the Liberal and Dissenter, were thrown open to him. Chosen a councillor by his fellow-burgesses, the council elected him, first to the office of alderman, and then raised him to the seat of chief magistrate. Councillor—alderman—mayor—what remained but that, a few days back, the returning officer—(who has run, himself, a precisely similar course)—should hail him on the public hustings, on behalf of a unanimous constituency, "Richard Harris, Esquire, Member of Parliament for Leicester!" Long may Old England continue to furnish such bright examples of enlightened enterprise and succesful industry!—*Gateshead Observer.*

AN AFRICAN KING.

Within these ramparts, on a wooden bench, from which the Sound, spotted with the white sails of many ships,—and, faintly, the distant mountains of Sweden,—might be seen, two black men sat. Removed at a distance of twenty yards from them, four sentinels stood, resting carelessly with folded arms, on the muzzles of their fire-locks, but, even in this negligence, paying much attention to the movements of these black men. We stoped and observed the strange group; and our sympathy was moved by the dress and melancholy demeanour of the two men. The one nearest to us, who appeared the eldest, rested his chin on the back of his hands, which were clasped round the top of a large walking-stick; and in that attitude kept his eyes fixed on the blue waters of the Sound; his thoughts, no doubt, wandering to his home, some pleasant spot, far away. His hat was brown by long use, and rent at the rims, beneath which his white hair, here and there, straggled forth. His coat, once black, was now threadbare and worn at the elbows; while his shoes, almost without soles, kept sad unison with the other parts of his dress. The other old man, whose clothes were equally squalid, sat more upright, and seemed livelier, and of a lighter heart, misfortune not having yet touched so blightingly the natural volatility of his disposition; for, now and then, he spoke in low tones to his companion, who sometimes smiled, but rarely made answer.

"You are observing those black men?" said the Spanish Minister. "They are the most interesting objects in Copenhagen."

"Who are they?" we asked.

"Those two men," continued the Spaniard, "were once men of note in their own country; and their misfortune resolves itself into this simple tale. The man with grey hair, nearest to us, seemingly bent with excess of sorrow, was the king of some Danish colony in the East Indies; and the other, his favourite minister. After having reigned for many years with equity and wisdom, and having seen his little island, cradled in the lap of peace, put forth the strength of prosperity, the old monarch's bright day of happiness and glory was suddenly overshadowed by a cloud, which, though by its insignificance, at first unobserved, gradually gained bulk and darkness, and replete, at last, with all the elements of storm and destruction burst upon his head. A man murdered a woman, his wife; and, according to the criminal code of his country, was arrested, tried, and convicted; and this king, by the advice of his minister, ordered the assassin to be executed. The intelligence reached the ears of the Court of Denmark, and by command of Christian, the black monarch and his adviser were arrested, on the plea, that, the one being, though a monarch, a subject of Denmark, had no power to carry the statutes of his own realm summarily into effect, without the previous assent of the Danish Government; and that the other, being the principal minister, was as culpable as his master in permitting such an infringement of the law. They were both subsequently tried for the offence, and being found guilty, were placed on board a Danish ship of war, and brought to Copenhagen, where, within this fortress, they are doomed to pass, in solitary confinement, the small portion of life which may yet remain to them. They are allowed, as you see, occasionally to leave their prisons, and walk here for exercise; but even that indulgence must enchance the misery of their condition; for who could feel the delightful warmth of to-day, breathe its mild, soft air, and look on such a landscape as this, and not sigh to revisit a dungeon?"

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

"TAKING THE MISSISSIPPI."

While Mr. Sam Stockwell, the artist, now engaged on the great panorama of the Mississippi, was one afternoon slowly floating down the river in his boat, a very uncomfortable shower came pattering down, at the moment he was about dropping anchor to sketch the picturesque establishment of a squatter. He hesitated a moment, but finally let go, and his boat swung around in the stream.

"Vot, ish you going to pictur' him mit der rain?" inquired his German boatmen.

"No," says Sam, "but I'm going to pictur' him mit the pencil. We are now about at the right spot to take a good view of that odd looking cabin, and if we go on we will loose it. So haul out the old umbrells, and I will try a sketch. Perhaps by the time we finish our view, the proprietor will invite us to take some buttermilk with him."

This old umbrella had, by certain violent concussions received on the trip, become quite a curiosity. One half of the whalebones were gone, and, when it was hoisted, it hung like a wo-begone sombrero over its owner. The pitching of it carelessly into the boat on sundry occasions, had introduced ill-shaped skylights in its roof; and, taken altogether, it was the sorriest apology for shelter ever stretched over a sovereign citizen of the great United States. Sam, however, worked away beneath the "*gingham*" until he finished his sketch. All this time an affluent from the top of his cone-like covering poured a flood of dark tinged water through one of the holes, and down his neck. His German watched this stream with intense interest, as if calculating how much the artist's clothes would hold before they would leak. When he had finished, George, the German, broke forth in admiration:

"Vell, for a little mans you soaks more vater den ever I sees pefore. It vill teke you von veek to be so nice and dry as va ves shust now."

Just then a voice from shore hailed them:

"Look *yur*, you, with that awful ugly hat; what in thunder are you sittin' out thar in the rain for? Who are you? What are you goin' to do?"

"I am going to *canvas* the Mississippi," said Sam.

"You're an electioneerer, ar you?" inquired the squatter.

"No, not exactly," said Sam, "except in a small way for my own individual benefit. I am going to 'take the river.'"

"Whar er you goin to take it to?" inquired the squatter.

"All round the country," said Sam, "and over to England."

"Well, afore you kin do that, you'll hev to git an awful big tub, and sot yourself at the mouth to *draw* it off."

"Oh, no," says Sam, "I am *drawing it off*, now."

The squatter looked up and down the shore two or three times, and then shouted back—

"I don't see as it gits much lower—your suckin' machine draws it off dreadful slow."

"I am *pointing* the Mississippi, my friend," answered the artist.

"Hev you got my cabin chalked down?" he inquired.

"Yes," answered Sam, "and *you*, too."

"Good, by thunder!" said the squatter. "When you show me to them Inglish fellars, jest tell 'em I'm a Mississippi screamer—I kin hoe more corn in a day a day than any Yankee machine ever invented, and when I hit anythin', from a bullock down to humin natur', they ginerally think lightnin' is comin."

"Are you a Taylor man?" inquired Sam.

"No, by thunder," says he.

"Do you go in for Cass, then," inquired Sam.

"Well, I calculate not, stranger," shouted he.

"What! do you *support* Van Buren?" continued the artist.

"No *Sir*," shouted the screamer; "I *support* Betsy and the children, and it's d—n tight screwin' to get along with them, with corn at only twenty-five cents a bushel."

"Good bye, stick to Betsy and the children," said Sam; "they are the best candidates out;" and raising anchor he floated off. As he sped onward the squatter's voice reached him once more, and it burthen was—

"Hurrah for Gineral Jackson, the old Mississippi and *me and Betsy!*"—[*St. Louis Reveille.*]

TURNIPS AND PHRENOLOGY.

The following is to be found among the anecdotes in the Phrenological and Physiological Almanac for 1849.

In April, 1821, a medical gentleman in Edinburgh, aided by a landscape painter, fashioned a turnip into the *nearest resemblence* to a human skull which their combined skill and ingenuity could produce. They had a cast made from it, and sent it to Mr. G. Combe, requesting his observation on the mental talents and dispositions which it indicated, adding, that it was a cast from the skull of a person of uncommon character. Mr. C. instantly detected the trick, and returned the cast, with the following parody of "The Man of Thesaly," pasted on the coronal surface:

There was a man in Edinburgh,
And he was wondrous wise;
He went into a turnip-field,
And cast about his eyes.

And when he cast his eyes about,
He saw the turnips fine;
"How many heads are there," says he,
"That likeness bear to mine?"

"So very like they are, indeed,
No sage, I'm sure, could know
This turnip-head that I have on
From those that there do grow."

He pull'd a turnip from the ground;
A cast from it was thrown;
He sent it to a Spurzheimite,
And passed it for his own.

And so, indeed, it truly was
His own in every sense;
For cast and joke alike were made
All at his own expense.

The medical gentleman called on Mr. Combe next day, and assured him that he meant no offence and intended only a joke. Mr. C. replied that he treated the matter as such; and that if the author of it was satisfied with his share of the wit, no feeling of uneasiness remained on the other side.

Acoustic Telegraph in Africa.—In the recently published account by Captain Allen of the voyage of the British ship Wilberforce up the Niger we find the following notice of a musical telegraph used by the natives. It is well known that musical sounds may be heard at greater distances than those which are only loud:—*Literary World.*

"As we have often heard that the natives could hold musical dialogues even at great distances, by means of little gourd flutes, we prevailed on them to separate, while by an interpreter one of them was desired to convey certain sentences to those at a distance. To our surprise we found, on cross examination, that everything had been perfectly understood. They said they could communicate with one another, even at the distance of some miles, where the locality was favourable to the resonance of the sounds. This facility of musical correspondence is not confined to these people alone, since that distinguished traveller, the late Mr. Bowditch, mentions a similar practice among the Ashantees, and he was also informed of its existence in the district of Accra. That the Camaroons people have also tutored their hearing with a similar result, we had an instance in the pilot Glasgow. He was in Capt. Allen's cabin one day, answering some queries relating to the river; suddenly he became totally abstracted, and remained for a while in the attitude of listening. On being taxed with inattention, he said, 'You no hear my son speak?' As we had heard no voice, he was asked how he knew it. He said, 'Drum speak me, tell me come up deck.' This seemed to be very singular, so Captain Allen desired him to remain below, and privately sent several messages to the performer in the boat alongside, who executed them by a variety of taps on his wooden drum; and these Glasgow interpreted in a way that left no doubt of his having understood perfectly all that the "drum spoke." He also said they could communicate by this means at very great distances by the 'war drum,' which is kept in every village to give and repeat these signals; so that there is intimation of danger long before the enemy can attack them. We are often surprised to find the sound of the trumpet so well understood in our military revolutions; but how far short that falls of the result arrived at by these untutored savages.

"This method of communication is no doubt employed by slave dealers, to give notice of the movements of our cruisers.'

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

A marble bust of Professor Wilson, the "Christopher North" of Blackwood's Magazine, has just been placed on a pedestal in the coffee-room of Paisley, his native town.

Our English names are a sad trouble to journalists.—They say nothing now, however, about "Sir Peel," as they used to do, but in the *Democratie Pacifique* we find mention of "le venerable Helice Burrett" as the president of the Peace Convention at Brussels.

Burning of a Chateau.—The magnificent Chateau Hultchin, near Rathor, in Silesia, the property of Baron de Rothschild, of Vienna, together with its splendid furniture and collections of works of art, was on the 6th inst. burnt down to the ground by a party of peasants, who expected to find great treasures concealed in it, but were totally disappointed in the expectations which excited them to this barbarous act.

The Ocean Monarch.—Amongst those who perished on board the *Ocean Monarch* were the wife and daughter of Mr. Murphy, the manager of the Killarney Savings Bank, whose defalcations amounted to a large sum, and who fled to America, whither his wife and only child were hastening to join him, when they met with their terrible and untimely deaths.

A Martial Samuel Johnson.—We translate the following anecdote from *La Democratie Pacifique*. The axiom rings like one of Dr. Johnson, without his Tory tone. "In September, 1841, three travellers in the diligence from Paris to Lyons, entered into conversation concerning M. de Lamennais, then about to be tried for the obnoxious (to Louis Philippe) publication of his *Livre du Peuple*. Will he be acquitted? Will he be convicted? asked two of the travellers. The third, who wore a colonel's uniform, replied; "He will assuredly be convicted. The mighty of the earth are the same in all ages. In former times they sent Jesus Christ to prison.' His fellow travellers appearing disposed to question the colonel's dictum, he resumed with quickness: 'Yes, there we see the foolishness of the mighty of the earth. Power is a great church bell which deafens its ringer; he hears nothing but it. The colonel was Cavaignac.—[*Jerrold's Newspaper.*

An Emigrant's Letter.—We give (from the *Taunton Courier*) the following simple statement of a simple man, whose case, we find, was not one of praiseworthy emigration, as the writer ran off to America last spring, leaving his wife and children to the tender mercies of a parish in Somersetshire. However, better feelings have been awakened in the fugitive:

"Woodburn, July 16, 1848.

"My dear Wife—i wrote these few lains to you hoping to find you in good helth as leaves me at present thank God for it. Plese to forgive me and I hope you will make up your mind and youse every efred in coming so quick as you can for believe me my ever loving wife that it is a good Country for people to live in with thare famiely for we have every comfort of the nesaries of life it is heavan on earth respecting it I am stopping with samuel Eddington for the present and I harvising with the farmers around and I get a doler a day and by boarding and for that doler i can buy one acker of land and the land is better than any land in england that i ever saw and more productive it will bear a hundred bushels of corn per acker and i have seen so good wheat since I have been over here as ever i saw in ingland and the potatos is veary good and all other vegetables and frout in abundance, beef pork and mutten 1 peny of inglea money per pound as for milk buter and ches and other the land is overflowing and dert cheap what my one eyes se i can believe I am quite shure that if you was over you will never went to be in ingland, o that i could only see my dear little children over hear it ould be the greates comfut you could do for me to aneer my letter and form a datermanation and i ould if God permit cry and geet you all out ia the land of living whare we have the same God and better oppertunities of serving him. remember my kind love to all inquiring frends from

"WM EDDINGTON.

"Plese to direct to samuel Eddington farmer, junr. Woodburn, Mackaping County, State elnoiee, North America for Wm. Eddington.

"For Charlutt Edington, Middlezoy near Bridgewater, Somerzetshire, Old England."

We copy from the English papers a few items of the sale at Stowe—the palace of the bankrupt Duke of Buckingham:

234 A dress found in the apartment of Tippoo Sultan, and the sword and cutter belonging to Tippoo, 10 guineas. 271. An ancient oak chest, the fronts and ends richly carved with figures and gothic panels, from the Jerusalem Chamber, 43 guineas. A few rare lots from the manuscript library followed: 276. William III.'s silver watch, by Bushman of London, with a medallion of that monarch on the face, 10 guineas. 277. The sash of Charles Edward Stuart, taken from his baggage at Culloden in 1745, 40 guineas, on the instruction, it was rumoured of Lord Bredalbane. 278. The dagger of Hindoo Rao, with Damascus blade, and bilt of rock crystal, £7 10s. 279. The badge and ribbon of the order of the Bath, worn by Sir R. Temple at the coronation of Charles II., bought for Lord Chandos, 6½ guineas. 280. A Lock of Hair of Queen Mary, taken from her corpse at St. Mary's Church, Bury, in 1784, £7 10s. In reference to this lock of hair the MS. Library at Stowe contains an original document in the handwriting of Sir John Cullum, who was present when the remains were exhumed, and who subsequently presented the relic to the Duchess Dowager of Portland; and a MS. letter, from a person named Reynell, who, it appears, was commissioned to purchase the same by the Duke of Chandos. The letter is as follows:

"Margaret street, May 8, 1786.

My Lord Duke:—The ringlet of the French Queen's hair from whom you are descended, the historical MS. account of her Majesty, and of the appearance of her body when the tomb was opened, together with Sir John Cullum's note to the duchess when he sent her the ringlet (which I required first of all to see and to have with the lot), are now your grace's own property in my possession, and which I so firmly believe to have been cut from the head of the Queen as I believe my own existence. Upon my making that observation immediately after the lot was knocked down to me, a gentleman who sat next to me replied, 'Sir, that you may indeed; for I was with Sir John Cullum when he cut the hair off, as I did at the same time some for myself.' This gentleman's name was Orde, nephew to the Master in Chancery of that name, and lives near Bedford row. Now, my lord, for the purchase your grace gave me leave to go as far as £20. At first there was a smart bidding, but I pushed boldly with a determined face that I would have it, and which I got for £6 10s. If your grace wishes to have them sent to Bath, I shall obey your commands; otherwise I shall keep the golden treasure at Castle Reynell, and venerate it with reverential regard each morning till I deliver it with the hands of the pious Æneas—whose command no one receives with more pleasure—whose health, with that of his Lavinia, none more fervently wishes than, my lord duke, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant,

"Richard Reynell."

[A paragraph describing the Chandos portrait of Shakspeare was accidentally separated from the above statement and published in the last Standard.]

M. Leverrier's Planet.—We extract the following from the account given by the *National* of the last sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences on the 29th ult.:—"That planet, how shall we express ourselves?—that wonderful planet, discovered in the height of the skies, without the use of the telescope, by the direct sight of the mind—that planet, the discovery of which had caused a sensation in the world, dissension between two rival nations, had been an incentive to the imagination of poets, the liberality of chancellors, the passionate curiosity of women and even of children. Well! that planet does not exist. What! will you say there is not a planet in the skies called Neptune? That that same was not seen on the 23d of September, 1846, near the star Delta of the Capricorn, by a German observer, named Galle, who was decorated for having made the discovery? That since that epoch the new planet has not been again seen by astronomers, who have observed its revolution and measured all its movements? Have astronomers then told a falsehood? No. Neptune exists, but it is not the planet announced by M. Leverrier." The truth of this assertion was admitted by M. Leverrier himself.

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